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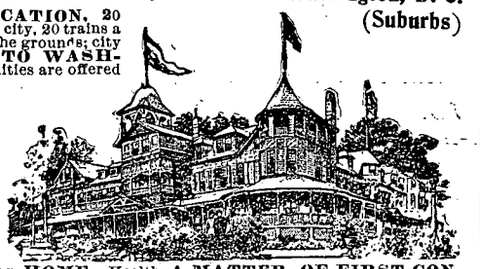

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1903.

The Week.

The new cable from Manila began its service by bringing an appeal for help for the Filipinos penned by Governor Taft, and seems destined to be the means of transmitting many a similar entreaty. On Thursday the newly organized Filipino Chamber of Commerce employed it to address Secretary Root, and "pray as salvation for critical condition of country that tariff upon our products be abolished." The stone for bread which Secretary Root is forced to give them because of the indifference of a Republican Congress, is an empty compliment. "We look," he cabled, "for the most beneficent results from the intelligent treatment of questions affecting the prosperity of the archipelago" by this new Chamber. Doubtless Señor Reyes and his associates will reply: "But that is exactly what we have looked to Congress for in vain." By the side of their freshly urgent appeal, the stereotyped bulletin about Philippine customs receipts showing a gain of $30,000 in the first four months of 1903 as compared with the same months of 1902, seems absurd. The truth is that, despite the three millions wrung from a reluctant Congress, the condition of the islands is still very far from satisfactory.

The renewed calling for free trade by the inconsiderate Filipinos is only one of the trials of the Republican "stand-patters." The Cuban reciprocity treaty is looming. It was especially to approve of it that the President determined to call an extra session of Congress. Eminent "stand-patters" had assured him at the time that a slight letting down of the tariff bars for the Cubans would not be inconsistent with the sacred doctrines of "stand-pattism." But trouble is now brewing. Protectionists on the watch-tower are saying that there is danger in any lowering of the tariff whatever, whether for Cubans or anybody else, and whether we promised it or not. They detect in the innocent-looking Cuban treaty that awful thing, the entering wedge, as well as the first step that costs and the camel's head inside the tent. Dropping figures of speech and coming down to hard legal claims, the contention is made that the Dingley tariff was of the nature of a contract between the Government and the parties benefited, and that the latter have in consequence a vested right with which no treaty and no international policy must be allowed to interfere. But this, gasps the pained *Tribune*, is to assert in the name of protection the worst that its enemies ever charged. Possibly, however, the said enemies have all along had a more correct idea of the unflinching greed of the protective system than its amiable and somewhat gullible defenders in the press.

"Prince of Grafters" is now the title bestowed upon August W. Machen, the former General Superintendent of Free Postal Delivery, who was again indicted in Washington on Friday. We must confess that he seems to have earned it, and to be of such abilities as would have made him a Parks among labor leaders or a "Napoleon of finance"—a certain kind of finance—in Wall Street. To him every letter-box that was painted brought a tribute; while every mail-bag, leather case, or satchel seems to have added to the contents of his purse. Sixty cents on every case is certainly a handsome royalty for this distinguished son of Ohio. We have heard much of that State's influence in Washington under the Presidency of the latest of its sons to enter the White House, but for the news of an Ohio "gang" we were not prepared. This combination had, it appears, a regular headquarters at the insurance office of one W. C. Long, for some time suspected and now also indicted. Machen, Hedges, Rand, Gartree, and others met there, doubtless merely to discuss the welfare of the nation and of its most favored State. As for Mr. Rand, that great confidential clerk in whom Mr. Payne has such tender confidence, he is, we regret to learn, absent without leave. The relentless Mr. Bristow on Friday bagged a mayor in his list of ten freshly indicted persons, and it is understood that there are still more to come. Mr. Payne, who has now returned, has nothing to say. Is it possible that there is no more "hot air" in Washington?

A correspondent writes to ask if there is no law in the country to prevent a cotton speculator from so cornering the market and putting up the price that the mills have to close down. We know of none, except economic law. The closing of the cotton mills in New England and elsewhere is, in fact, one way in which that economic law enforces itself. When the price of cotton is made so artificially high that the mills refuse to buy, the financial burdens of those who are "carrying" the corner are by so much increased, and their prospective profits diminished. The immediate losses are made those of speculators, not of manufacturers. Moreover, the shutting down of the mills now is the best guarantee that no serious effort will be made to corner the new crop. That will soon be coming along to relieve the situation. Incidental hardship there has undoubtedly been, with a fearful demoralization of the cotton market. We believe, however, that the proper remedies are being applied. Cotton is bought, after all, only to sell to the mills; and if the mills won't buy at a certain figure, the price is bound to come down.

Senator Platt agrees with Senator Gorman that it would be shocking to introduce the negro question into politics. The matter is too grave, too painful, too heart-rending for politicians to think of touching it. Politics being, in the Platt-Gorman definition, simply a scheme for dividing the offices, it is obvious that the intrusion of any such question as equal enforcement of the law or the vindication of elementary human rights, must seem to them a wild absurdity. Why disturb them in their statesmanlike broodings over the question who shall have this collectorship or who be put into that post-office? What has gross injustice to millions of American citizens to do with real politics? We observe, however, that one Senator is foolishly concerning himself with that negro problem from which the noble Gorman and the lofty-minded Platt turn away in such disgust. Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts has been addressing the summer students at Worcester, and strangely defending the doctrine that the laws of the country should be enforced among white and black alike. In this connection, he took occasion to refer to the decision of a Massachusetts man now sitting in the Supreme Court of the United States—Mr. Justice Holmes—and to say of his refusal to hear the prayer of the illegally disfranchised negroes of Alabama, that it was "a judgment more far-reaching and terrible" than the famous dictum of Taney in the Dred Scott decision.

If the Chicago *Tribune* is correctly informed, ten negroes have been legally executed in the State of Alabama since January 1, all for murder or robbery. During this period there has been only one lynching, which is certainly a remarkable and most encouraging showing, and one that should make the Governors of Indiana and Illinois extremely envious. We do not include Delaware, for, as the Rev. Dr. Babbitt pointed out in a letter to the New York *Tribune* on Sunday, its officials seem to be dead to all shame, if not actually in the position of consenting to and approving the Wilmington horror by their failure to seek out any of the lawbreakers. There are further signs in the South of a reaction against lynching. Sheriff Summers of Iredell has saved a negro accused of assaulting a white woman by taking him

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to the jail at Charlotte, N. C., and keeping off the would-be lynchers at the point of his pistol. His name deserves to be written on the new roll of honor alongside that of Sheriff Whitlock of Danville, Ill., and of the Texas sheriff who outrode a mob of his neighbors and safely jailed his charge. The reason for the praiseworthy decrease in lynchings in Alabama is plain. Criminals in cases of violence are being promptly arrested, tried, and punished.

It is generally admitted that Judge Lochren's decision of Saturday at St. Paul, finding for the Northern Securities in the suit of the State of Minnesota, cannot directly affect either of the two main suits still pending. These are the Attorney-General's suit to dissolve the company under the Sherman act, and the suit of the State of Washington to restrain the company from doing within that State, under a New Jersey charter, acts prohibited by the Washington statute law. Both of those cases are now on the calendar of the United States Supreme Court. The gist of Judge Lochren's reasoning, as a result of which he reaches opinions contrary to those of the Circuit Court at St. Louis in April, may be learned from the following excerpts from his opinion:

"The Northern Securities Company is merely an investor in and owner of a majority of the stock of each of these two railroad companies. It has done no act and made no contract in restraint of trade or commerce. . . .

"I am compelled to reject the doctrine that any person can be held to have committed, or to be purposing and about to commit, a highly penal offence, merely because it can be shown that his pecuniary interests will be advanced thereby, and that he has the power, either directly by himself, or indirectly through persuasion or coercion of his agents, to compass the commission of the offence."

How broadly this conclusion of Judge Lochren opposes that of the Circuit Court, may be seen by the following paragraph from Judge Thayer's opinion on that occasion:

"The [Northern Securities] scheme . . . destroyed every motive for competition between two roads engaged in interstate traffic which were natural competitors for business, by pooling the earnings of the two roads for the common benefit of the stockholders of both companies; and, according to the familiar rule that every one is presumed to intend what is the necessary consequence of his own acts, when done wilfully and deliberately, we must conclude that those who conceived and executed the plan aforesaid intended, among other things, to accomplish those objects."

We shall not at present comment on this rather curious divergence of judicial reasoning further than to recall a paragraph from another decision under the Sherman act, rendered in 1897 by the Supreme Court itself. The Trans-Missouri Freight Association, formed for the purpose of "establishing and maintaining reasonable rates, etc.," was adjudged an illegal combination. The Association pleaded lack of proved violation of the Sherman act, or of proved intent to violate it. The court rejoined:

"The suit of the Government can be maintained without proof of the allegation that the agreement was entered into for the purpose of restraining trade and commerce, or for maintaining rates above what was reasonable. The necessary effect of the agreement is to restrain trade or commerce, no matter what the intent was on the part of those who signed it."

Populism must be at its last gasp or it would find more grandiloquent, more finely Bryanesque words to celebrate the union of its two factions. To be sure, the United People's Party, in conference at Denver, reaffirms its allegiance to that "immortal document," the Omaha platform, but its present resolutions lack rhetorical fervor. Time was when silver was never mentioned without a trope; now it slips modestly into the clause demanding "a money, whether stamped on gold, silver, or paper." Evidently these are regarded as equally valuable materials for monetary purposes; but since the world thinks otherwise, we predict that the Populists will gradually transfer their veneration to the most come-at-able of the three—namely, paper. The only thing that can prevent this painless lapse from silverism into the old greenback heresy is the carrying into effect of another demand made in the Denver resolutions, namely, for "a system for the transmission of intelligence." That system, the Populists think, should be owned and operated at cost by the Government; but other agencies will meanwhile have to devote themselves to what is certainly the pressing need of most members of the People's Party.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland is meeting with unexpected opposition to his plan for a municipal electric lighting plant. He has been preparing, of course, to answer the usual arguments against a public enterprise of this character, but now the preliminary question is raised whether the city can at this time afford the luxury of the lighting plant, even if it is admitted to be something wholly desirable. The city's credit, it is being pointed out, is already strained to provide for improvements which are not in the least experimental in their nature. The sewer system, for instance, is incomplete. The water system badly needs the extension of a tunnel to an outer crib, so that all parts of the city may have pure water, and also so that the city may not be dependent upon a single source of supply subject to a breakdown at any minute. These, it will be noticed, are municipal enterprises already entered upon, and it is a fair argument that provision for their completion should have the first call on the public purse.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's plea for Canadian independence, in Ottawa on Thursday night, was dictated by political necessity. The transcontinental extension of the Grand Trunk, which he was advocating, is a contentious matter. In fact, the Minister of Railways, Mr. Blair, resigned because he disapproved of the Government's support of so costly a scheme. Very likely, then, Sir Wilfrid felt that it would stiffen up timid supporters of the plan to be told that the new line would make the railways of the United States less indispensable to Canada. Thus he sets transportation facilities against the alluring proffer of high protective duties made by the Opposition. But, political considerations aside, Sir Wilfrid expresses a real and growing sentiment. Canada has come to full national consciousness, and desires to be independent commercially and politically. Legislative bounties and the clamor for prohibitive duties are merely perversions of that feeling, with which whoever deals with Canada—whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Chamberlain—must reckon seriously. It would be unfortunate for both Canada and ourselves if this new nationalism should lead to tariff retaliation on their side. The present Government has been consistently the friend of reciprocity with the United States, and it is highly desirable that it should be secured before a change of Ministry.

One of the humors of the Chamberlain episode is the bugbear of an American export duty on cotton. Even the staid *Economist* mentions this as a possibility, and a group of Liberal protectionists, including the publicist, Benjamin Kidd, has delivered in the London *Times* a precious bit of economic wisdom. Dwelling on the defenceless condition of England, it fears especially that the United States cotton industry will demand protection. "The obvious form for that protection to take in the United States is an export duty upon the raw cotton supplied to our own competing factories—a contingency which we should have to meet at present without any instrument of defence or negotiation in our hands." It need not be said that the best "instrument of defence" to these embattled economists is the Constitution of the United States, art. i., section 9, where it is written that "No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State." The incident shows how grave men lose their heads when they begin to dabble in Mr. Chamberlain's doctrines of panic and retaliation. So bad a cause requires at least a modicum of information in its advocates, and Mr. Chamberlain would do well to circulate copies of our Constitution among all protectionists who are chilled at the prospect of American export duties.

As for the preferential scheme in gen-

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eral, Mr. Chamberlain's denial, made to the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire, that he has proposed taxing raw materials, may mean much or little. If it means that the colonies are to receive preferential treatment only for their foodstuffs and finished products, the fabric of Imperial reciprocity would bear a very humble look. Canada would clearly profit by corn taxes, but where would the cotton of Egypt and India, or the wool of Australia and New Zealand, find their account in a tariff framed to enrich the wheat grower of the Northwest at the expense of the British laborer? Is all the talk about the colonies shoulder to shoulder, and England against the world, going to take effect merely in the reimposition of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's tax on corn, with its remission in favor of the colonies? Will the Brummagem mountain in labor bring forth so small a mouse? It would be unwise to conclude anything of the sort from Mr. Chamberlain's denial. He has studiously avoided committing himself to anything resembling a programme, and his fiscal inquiry may bring him out anywhere. It may be safely predicted, however, that he will be as reluctant to face the country, offering it only food taxes, as he has been to bear news of cotton duties to the Lancashire spinners.

The British Foreign Office has now published the text of the treaty ratified May 27 last at Teheran. By this agreement the Shah engages to give perpetually the treatment of the most-favored nation to Great Britain. Since English commerce already held this privilege under the treaty of 1828, which fixed all Persian customs duties at a level of 5 per cent., it is apparent that Lord Lansdowne has sought merely to forestall any revision of the tariff which might offer preferential treatment to Russia. It is, unlike the recent assertion of British preponderancy in the Persian Gulf, purely a defensive move, and carries the implication that Russia has got one move ahead. How completely Russia has beaten England in the commercial contest for Persia is now a matter of history. In 1872, when that adventurer-financier, Baron de Reuter, obtained the receivership of all Persian revenues and franchises, England might easily have bought the conveyance of the whole. But the chance passed, and when finally, in 1889, the Imperial Bank was launched with British capital, its conduct of the tobacco monopoly made it quickly odious, while its control of all the maritime imposts, as security for a Government loan, has always seemed oppressive. Meanwhile, the Russians built roads from the Caspian Sea to the trading centres of northern Persia, and gained (practically bought) moral control of the late Shah, whose Anglophile son, now the Zillu Sultan, was deprived of the succession. And the present Shah is surrounded by a bodyguard of 2,000 Cossacks, commanded by a Russian who is responsible to the War Ministry at St. Petersburg. To obtain these advantages Russia has not struck a blow or issued a threat.

But even more noteworthy than the advance of Russian trade along its own roads, or the insinuation of the Czar's influence at Teheran, is the method by which the Russian Loan Bank has gradually supplanted the English Imperial Bank. Towards a debtor nation the Russian Bank has shown something of that lavishness which the Czar has exercised towards his needy "cousin," the Shah. Without making unpopular demands for security, it has practically reorganized the customs service, and particularly has done away with the rebates which were formerly given to many classes of British imports. And the Russian Loan Bank has been thrifty also in its liberality. In 1900, for example, it loaned $11,000,000 to Persia, accepting 5 per cent. bonds at 85. But previously it had raised the whole sum in Paris by floating 3 per cent. bonds at 95. As a consequence of this loan, the Russian Bank took up all the national obligations held by the Imperial Bank; ousted that institution, except in the Persian Gulf and Farsistan, from control of the customs, and established its own position as sole money lender to the State. Subsequent advances have left Persia even more deeply mortgaged to her Russian men of business.

One of Leo XIII.'s attempted services to humanity was his endeavor to avert the Spanish-American war. New and illuminating details of his efforts on that occasion are given in an article published in the *Revue Historique* for July-August. The writer, A. Viallate, has had access to Spanish diplomatic correspondence, and clearly brings out certain facts only suspected before, and not at all disclosed in the official publications of our own Government. For example, on April 2, 1898, the Spanish Minister to the Vatican telegraphed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid that he had just had a call from Cardinal Rampolla. In behalf of the Holy Father, the Cardinal said:

"The news received from the United States is very alarming. The President is desirous of adjusting the controversy, but he is dragged along [*entraîné*] by Congress. The difficulty is to find some one who may request the suspension of hostilities. The President appears strongly disposed to accept the aid of the Pope."

His Holiness thereupon asked if his intervention would be acceptable to Spain.

The reply was favorable, and the result was that moving offer of the Queen Regent, "at the request of the Holy Father," to "proclaim an immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the island of Cuba." This was telegraphed by Minister Woodford direct to President McKinley on April 5, 1898; but the latter was by that time so much further dragged along by Congress that he did not even mention the critical dispatch, nor was it deemed prudent to publish it at all until after the lapse of three years. The claim was set up that this Government had not really desired the good offices of the Pope. Another of M. Viallate's dispatches, however, shows how close we came to asking Papal intervention. On April 4 the Spanish Minister in the United States telegraphed that he had just had an interview with Archbishop Ireland. That prelate had come to Washington "on the orders of the Pope." He had seen the President twice, who "ardently desired peace," but was afraid that Congress would vote war, and that the helpless man would finally be obliged to yield. A final effort must be made, etc. All of which should somehow be commemorated in the McKinley monument. We suggest a bas-relief showing the President dragged along by Congress into a war from which he shrank, and which he might have prevented.

The outcome of the Conclave has been the elevation to the Papacy of Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, who takes the title of Pius X. While by no means a prominent candidate, he had long been recognized as *papabile*. His strength lay partly in the fact that he was a moderate and not identified with the struggle of factions, partly in his absence from the Curia. He has spent the greater part of his life in and near Venice, and it is beyond doubt that, upon the assembling of the present Conclave, there existed a widespread feeling in favor of some candidate who should have lived well outside the atmosphere of rivalry and intrigue prevailing within the shadow of the Vatican. The new Pope was one of two or three provincial Cardinals who met this requirement, while his piety, his scholarship, and his well-known success as a practical administrator in Venice were all in his favor. To the general public he has not been so widely known. He was overshadowed by the great names of Vannutelli and Rampolla. There were, however, far-seeing persons who predicted that this battle of the giants would end in a deadlock, to be resolved only by the election of some compromise candidate who would be acceptable to all parties. There is reason also to believe that the purely physical inconveniences of the Conclave, the great heat, and the prostration of a number of Cardinals, may have tended to hasten a decision.

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BAD ADMINISTRATION.

It is impossible longer to say, after the latest revelation of swindling contracts and purchases of supplies steeped in fraud in the Post-Office Department, that the scandal does not seriously reflect upon the present Administration. The ready defence made by the President's friends has been that the rascals were his inheritance, not of his appointing. Machen was put in office by President Cleveland. Perry Heath was McKinley's appointee. Only one or two minor "grafters" were named by Mr. Roosevelt. In having them and all the others hunted down and made to suffer for their crimes, he is, it is said, doing his full duty and clearing his own skirts. He cannot be blamed, it is asserted, for having entered into a *damnosa hereditas* from two preceding Administrations.

But there is more in good executive capacity than the smoking out of rogues, your own or another's. Watchful control over expenditure is the first requisite. It will not do for the head of a great department to go on signing papers in a routine way, without knowing what is in them, or to assure himself simply that contracts are regular in form. The alert and skilled executive will go behind the face of the public business to its essential nature. He will be constantly checking off and testing the work of his subordinates. Under such a chief, with a head for business and a genius for details, it would be impossible for the Government to go on being cheated as it has been all these years past in the Post-Office.

This is precisely the point at which the Administration, and particularly Postmaster-General Payne, appear blameworthy. They could not, indeed, prevent their predecessors from harboring corrupt conspirators, but they could have detected and frustrated the conspiracy. They could have gone behind the contracts under color of which the Treasury was being robbed, and discovered, by a little inquiry, the fraudulent nature of the whole business. Only consider how plain a trail the thieves left behind them. Their operations extended to nearly every article bought by the Department. Letter-boxes and mail-bags, carriers' satchels and straps, patent devices of all kinds, cash registers and time clocks—on all these and many other purchases the pilferers laid their greedy hands and exacted their share of the "graft." But what we maintain is that the slightest investigation would have betrayed the crookedness. The contracts were all at two or three times the market price of the articles purchased. A half-dozen questions put to dealers would have shown that there was fraud. But nobody in the Department asked those questions. No one took the trouble to inspect current price-lists to find out if the Government was being bled. Merely because the papers were correct in appearance, the higher officials sat blissfully in their fool's paradise.

There, we insist, was a failure to live up to the elementary principles of good administration. A vigilant executive officer would never have allowed undetected robberies to go on for months, as Postmaster-General Payne did. He, or some trusted chief under him, should have looked into these frauds in the purchasing department long ago. When Carl Schurz was Secretary of the Interior, he struck terror into the hearts of shady contractors, and brought joy to all friends of the Indian, by going behind the ostensible dealings of the Department and ascertaining what the facts really were, what savings could be made, what leaks stopped. That was but the plain duty of an executive officer. Even Napoleon, who lived on loot and fed his generals and favorites on it, dared not let public expenditure go uncontrolled. It was his habit to go incognito to the great dealers in order to find out the actual market price of Government supplies. Then he would go to his subordinate purchasing agent and say: "See here. You are paying twice too much. I can endure stealing up to one-third of the price, but this is too much."

Without such continued executive control there was, Napoleon was accustomed to say, no safety. No administration, we affirm, can be called good that does not exercise it. When the appointment of Mr. Payne to the Post-Office, and its unhappy consequences, come fairly to be reckoned up, we do not see how reproach can fail to rest both upon him and the President who put him in office, and kept him there after a demonstrated incapacity. Suppose a man like Bristow in Payne's place; would the tricksters have gone on with such impunity under his nose? The continuing frauds, so easy of detection, glaring as they did on the face of suspicious contracts, are themselves proof of bad administration. There was the greater obligation on the Postmaster-General to prevent these losses in that the Department has so long shown a deficit. Honest efforts to make it self-sustaining would alone have led to the discovery of the enormous drain through thievery. But, no; nothing was done. A Postmaster-General was named confessedly for political purposes, though the Department cried out for a fighting business man at its head. Although the ramifications of fraud undermined his whole Department, Mr. Payne was incredulous and indignant up to the very moment the floor fell in.

The moral of all for President Roosevelt is clear. He cannot run away under cover of the laches of other Administrations. His own has been grievously at fault in not having had a Posmaster-General with a keen scent for fraud. And as the President finds himself disappointed again and again in the broken promises and unfulfilled predictions of Mr. Payne, the need of supplanting that incompetent executive with a vigorous cleanser of the Department must, we should hope, become clearer to him every day.

THE JURY TO THE RESCUE.

At the Confederate reunion recently held at Brownsville, Tenn., a Federal Judge, Hammond, spoke of "cowardice in the jury-box" as a prime cause of the trouble now afflicting the nation. He reminded his old comrades in arms that the police power and the judiciary were powerless to deal with lynching mobs so long as juries would not convict upon evidence. This nation was organized upon the expectation that the people would be responsible for their own orderliness. It was in this confidence that the founders of the Constitution left the Government without the usual police powers. And for the same reason the States, in whom the police power constitutionally resides, have practically placed it in the feeble hands of the towns and villages, with the result that the general peace is not safeguarded by a constabulary such as patrols the roads of Europe, but depends upon the good will of the community in resisting mob mania, and upon the sternness of the community, expressing itself from the jury-box, in avenging under the law all crimes against its own peace. When that zeal for the law is absent, anarchy ensues.

Judge Hammond did not flinch from pointing out the alternative. If juries shall fail to rise above factional passions and treat the mad deeds of the mob as inflexibly as they decide the matter of a trespass, then the liberties of the community will be overridden. For mob violence is intolerable in a civilized nation, and the community that palliates it only courts a more drastic use of the police power by the State. The carbines of a State police cannot replace the civic courage of sheriffs and jurymen, but they can at least subdue by fear a community too demoralized to redeem itself by virtue. And there is a further danger, namely, that entire States may show themselves maniacal or pusillanimous where the evil passions of the multitude are engaged. In such case the nation would not long consent to be bound by the constitutional limitation of the police power; the bayonets of the regulars would enforce quiet where the State had failed, and the volleying of their rifles would signalize the downfall of a form of government too liberal for the unworthy citizens who enjoyed its privileges. Such in effect were the words that Judge Hammond spoke to his old comrades of the Confederate armies. They are the words, not of an alarmist, but of one who has seen the situation judicially and who foresees like a true patriot a

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peril which the people must rouse themselves to avert.

The approbation with which his words were received must be taken as the sign that he required of jurors no impossible wisdom and fortitude. When twelve men are called together to pass upon the deeds of a man who has enslaved or cruelly slain the members of a despised race, they are no longer merely twelve individuals of the careless multitude that minimizes the wrong. Sworn to find upon the evidence, they speak the considerate voice of the community, that by which it must consent to be judged. This conviction it was that gave poignancy to Judge Jones's cry, when a jury refused to convict on overwhelming evidence in a peonage case. He exhorted the divided jurors that it would be said that a negro could not obtain justice in the State of Alabama. The corollary of this appeal Judge Hammond furnishes. It is that the community which will not render justice to the meanest of its citizens, cannot long retain the right to self-government.

The matter affects all parts of the country alike. The State of Indiana has brought some of the Evansville rioters before the courts; if the jury wriggles out of its responsibility of treating as public enemies those who defy the law, how will the condition of Indiana be better than that of Delaware or Alabama? Cowardice in the jury-box can bring to naught the heroism of Sheriff Whitlock, the patriotism of Gov. Durbin, and the energy of the prosecuting authorities. How shall we find jurors who will rise above sentimentalism and passion into an inexorable vision of the facts and an unfaltering performance of their sworn duty?

Clearly much may be done when our best citizens realize that to sit in the jury-box is to occupy the firing-line of our civilization. This post of honor should be sought, not avoided. Judges may do much to instil this sentiment, by refusing to accept frivolous excuses and to entertain the unnecessary objections of counsel. But even more may they give tone to their juries by setting forth the momentousness of their responsibility, and by presenting an inexorable front to their vacillations. In this respect Lord Russell of Killowen's conduct of the Jameson case was a model for all our judges. About the criminal adventure of "Dr. Jim" all the passions and prejudices of London gathered. The universal sentiment was for the weak and lenient policy. The jury hated to convict. It was precisely the situation that exists in the South when a white man is tried for peonage, or anywhere in the country where an amateur of that popular sport called lynching is arraigned. Under these circumstances the Lord Chief Justice thought it fitting to show the gravity of the charge. He said in addressing the jury:

> "In most criminal charges the consequences following upon the commission of the offence or crime charged terminate upon the completion of the acts which constitute the offence. Unhappily, however, in this case that is not so, and the offences charged may possibly entail consequences the end of which no one can foresee."

Certainly these words are applicable to every offence against public order and should be pronounced in every such case.

It will be recalled that when the Jameson jury found on all the facts charged but refused a verdict, and attempted to enter a rider recognizing "great provocation" for the raid, Lord Russell sternly refused to entertain their remarks, declared that their finding was equivalent to a verdict of guilty, and bade them report accordingly. It was an extraordinary instance of a wavering jury called back to its duty by an inflexible judge; the just verdict of guilty was reached without leaving the courtroom. Much of the reform which Judge Hammond rightly regards as necessary to the very existence of the State may be brought about by wise and fearless judges. The rest must be entrusted to a public sentiment that will treat cowardly jurors with contumely. We are glad to observe a readiness in the Southern press, commenting on Judge Hammond's appeal, to help create that sentiment.

BANK CONSOLIDATION.

The August *Atlantic* has an article by Prof. Charles J. Bullock on "The Concentration of Banking Interests in the United States." He takes, for purposes of illustration and comment, the drawing together of certain groups of banks and trust companies in New York city. They represent in part consolidations and in part affiliations. The two most conspicuous groups are under the dominance of the National City Bank and of the First National Bank, respectively; but these institutions are under the control of individuals whose chief business is not banking. The "Standard Oil crowd," so-called, are considered the most potent force in the councils of the National City Bank. The firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. is presumed to be the most influential voice in the other institution named. The two controlling groups are financiers, promoters, reorganizers, underwriters, and so on, rather than bankers. The National City group is supposed to have within its sphere of influence banking capital and surplus amounting to $92,000,000, deposits $377,000,000, and loans $266,000,000. The First National group, if the Bank of Commerce and its affiliations are included, stands for $97,000,000 of capital, $472,000,000 of deposits, and $299,000,000 of loans. These are the figures marshalled by Professor Bullock, but he acknowledges that they are partly guesswork. Probably the totals exceed his estimates, but actual control may be subject to some contingencies that do not appear on the surface.

These two groups are not the only ones formed or forming in the United States. There are others in New York and in other cities and States. They represent a movement of the financial waters. The questions raised by Professor Bullock and discussed by him with fairness and intelligence relate to the motives underlying this movement, and to its probable effects on the business of the country. He properly dismisses the thought that it can lead to any such thing as monopoly in banking or in money-lending. Those who talk of a "Money Trust" are either seeking the votes of ignorant people, or are deluded by their own catch-words. Money is the most mobile of the elements of trade and industry, and the least liable to be concentrated in a few hands. The money of Berlin can be loaned in New York on one day's notice, and vice versa. The money of the most obscure person in the world will be as readily taken and will command as good rates as that of the Bank of England. Any five men of good character in the United States can start a national bank with $25,000 capital, or more. They can start a State bank with $10,000, or even less. Any man may start a private bank to-day with as little ceremony as that observed by the goldsmith bankers of the Middle Ages.

It should be remembered, too, that money cannot be monopolized in the sense of withholding it from use, except at a loss to the monopolizers. As long as they hold it they lose the interest. As soon as they part with it they cease to monopolize it. The most that can be said on this score is that those who have large sums under their control can avail themselves of opportunities which sometimes occur to make large gains. This involves the exercise of judgment in the choice of investments, and if mistakes are made the expected gains may prove to be losses. There have been some notable cases of the latter kind recently in the affairs of the Consolidated Lake Superior and of the International Mercantile Marine. If money had been less plentiful, probably neither of these enterprises would have afflicted the present generation.

The chief motive prompting the bank combinations treated in Professor Bullock's article undoubtedly lies in the promoting, underwriting, reorganizing and speculating rage of the present day. Any man or group who can command vast sums of money at short notice, has a great advantage in affairs of this kind, since the persons or governments who have railroads to build or rebuild or extend, or mines to develop, or forests to exploit, or bonds to negotiate, go to them. They have the first pick of new enterprises because they are able to close a trade with cash down. By controlling a bank or a number of banks of large resources they can virtually direct the officers to underwrite the securities which

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they expect, a little later, to sell to the public at an advanced price. Presuming that the two groups of capitalists named in Mr. Bullock's article have gained this commanding position, what has banking science to say about the matter? Are the tendencies for the public interest or otherwise?

It is not for the public interest that power should be separated from responsibility. In the case supposed, the power to dispose of the bank's funds, its credit, and its loans does not reside with the officers, but somewhere else—nobody knows exactly where. They transact its ordinary business and are supposed to treat all customers according to their deserts from the banking point of view, yet in extraordinary business and in extraordinary times they are not the masters of their own institutions, since there are persons elsewhere who can turn them out of their places. These persons are not ordinary shareholders, but large and imperative borrowers. The bank officers are responsible in the eye of the law and of public opinion for the prudent management of its affairs, and may be sent to prison for mismanagement, but they are fettered by an unseen power which they cannot resist. The safety of the bank in such a case depends not upon the prudence of its managers, but upon that of borrowers who are able to dictate their own terms. Such arrangements are in conflict with banking science.

PERSUASION WITH A CLUB.

Mr. Chamberlain was more adroit than accurate when he said last week that England would never have got the Continental sugar bounties in the way of being abolished, had she not threatened retaliation. British dislike of the bounties had something to do with the case, no doubt. They cry of the West Indian cane-growers had more. But the really effective destroyer of the bounties was the huge burden of taxation which they imposed on Germany, France, and Austria. The people and rulers of those countries had awakened to their own folly. They were producing enormous quantities of sugar, but all for the benefit of the foreigner. They sold it cheap abroad, thanks to the bounties, but at home the price was high and the consumption restricted. As Professor Sumner once put it, the Continent had the industry, but England had the sugar. The inherent absurdity of this policy, together with its enormous cost to the public treasury, had more to do with the abolition of sugar bounties than had the English threat of countervailing duties.

But it is not sugar, of course, that Mr. Chamberlain cares for now. He is trying to convince the British electorate that the way to get favorable tariff treatment abroad is to bluster about unfavorable treatment at home. "You see," he says, "how well retaliation worked in the case of the sugar bounties. Just let me have free swing with the same club, and I will speedily bring Germany and the United States to their knees." This is very taking, but it is an argument which will not bear examination in the light of either human nature or sound fiscal policy. Mr. Carnegie has, in fact, already told the English public what would be the sure effect of retaliatory tariff legislation directed against America. It would entrench our protectionists. High duties would be pushed higher. National sentiment would be skilfully inflamed and made use of to meet all reprisals with more stringent ones. We should at once hear talk about starving England or shutting up her cotton mills. This would be very foolish, of course, but it would be very natural. The course of things a hundred years ago, when successive orders in council fought with Napoleon's decrees, should have warned Mr. Chamberlain that countries can be as insensate and ferocious in a trade war as in one with fleets and armies. It has been said that a nation is capable of any folly, provided it be military. It might safely be added—provided that it be a tariff folly urged on by passion.

It was doubtless a perception of this truth which led Mr. Schuster of the Union Bank of London to speak the other day in opposition to any tampering with free trade in England. He is one of the highest financial authorities of the day, and has a singularly wide acquaintance with conditions in the United States. To him it is clear that our tariffs are in a fair way to be reduced by force of circumstances alone. Mr. Schuster's citation of a remark to that effect, privately made to him by Mr. McKinley, is, of course, only of a piece with what the late President said repeatedly in public during the last weeks of his life. Many of our high-tariff duties are simply humbugs; many are noxious; many are a distinct hindrance to that foreign trade which our manufacturers are more and more anxious to cultivate. Inevitably, as President McKinley said, "our tariff must be reduced"—if, that is, pugnacity is not added to folly by the swish of Mr. Chamberlain's club.

The truth is, that angry words and ugly deeds are most out of place in trade discussions. You cannot force people to buy of you. It will not do for nations to attempt to secure business by knocking down their customers. Trade may follow the flag, but it certainly runs away from the club. It is easy to interfere with an established commerce by meddlesome and offensive tariffs, but to build up trade by means of retaliation is impossible. Trade must be unforced, and founded in the mutual advantage of at least two parties, if it is to exist at all. A people with the true trading instinct perceives that the main thing is to keep commerce flowing in its natural channels. It knows that it can take toll of every argosy that it invites. The moment you begin to talk of the need of protection, that moment you confess that you are beaten and have to ask odds. Mr. Chamberlain's "retaliation" is ambiguous. He does not mean, he says, really to apply it; he desires it only as a means of forcible persuasion. But true protectionist retaliation, as we see in the case of our own countervailing duties against bounty-grown sugar, looks to keeping out the dangerously cheap article, and making the duties so much the more a sweet morsel for selfish interests. That is the kind of thing Mr. Chamberlain will have to come to if he once departs from the tried maxim of Sir Robert Peel. That statesman never allowed his feet to be taken in the snare of retaliation, but maintained that "the best way of fighting a hostile tariff is by reforming your own."

THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL.

It has just transpired that a company of Harvard graduates has been formed to buy the land between the college yard and the Charles River and control it in the interests of the University. The idea of thus securing a frontage upon the river was broached nearly a dozen years ago by an alumnus, but fruited in nothing more than a sketch for the laying out of such grounds, prepared by Mr. C. F. McKim, which for some time hung in the Treasurer's office. The times were hard, and the expense seemed prohibitory. For two centuries and a half Harvard has grown, or rather sprawled, out from Massachusetts Hall as a centre. Fine buildings have been the exception, and as they came they were planned and placed without regard to the others. Only recently efforts to put the hodge-podge under a commission which at least might direct future building wisely, met with scant encouragement from the Corporation. Thus the public-spirited action of her graduates comes as a kind of rebuke to the official indifference of Harvard University to considerations of academic seemliness; it is a sign as well that the haphazard period of college building in America is passing.

This truth is the burden of Professor Hamlin's interesting article in the *Outlook*, in which he reviews recent progress in American college architecture. We need only mention among comprehensive schemes those of Columbia, the University of New York, Chicago, and Stanford. Planned, but not yet fully executed, are similar groups for Washington University, Mo., the University of California, the College of the City of New York, and the Military Academy at West Point. The list of new buildings at old colleges would be inexhaustible,

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and only the barest notice can be taken of the notable progress of Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania in this direction.

It is interesting to observe that the movement for better college architecture has been largely extra-academic. Enlightened graduates and their architect friends have generally brought such matters before college authorities, and have frequently planned and paid for the desired improvements. Naturally these innovators found their best opportunities in the newer foundations. Where a plan involved hundreds of acres of land and a score of buildings it seemed reasonable to employ the best skill. Mrs. Hearst, for example, obtained the plans for the University of California through an international competition. All this would have seemed strange, indeed, to old-school college presidents. Those pioneers, when the college grew, bought a new lot where they could, and put up such a building as the local carpenter and mason could furnish. Few colleges were fortunate enough to have a president like the Rev. Dr. Griffin of Williams, who designed the simple and admirable structure that still bears his name. In the main, as the Georgian style waned, all manner of quasi-Gothic or merely nondescript halls succeeded, so that the irregularity of the whole plan of a college was frequently less offensive than the general incongruousness and individual bad taste of its buildings. There were honorable exceptions, to be sure. We have hardly yet surpassed the standard that Jefferson set in the University of Virginia, of which his words, written in 1821, still hold: "I can assure you," he says, "there is no building in the United States so worthy of being seen, and which gives an idea so adequate of what is to be seen beyond the Atlantic. There, to be sure, they have immensely larger and more costly masses, but nothing handsomer or in chaster style." How slowly this example was followed, and how little progress had generally been made in the course of half a century, may be gathered from the words of one keenly sensitive to architectural excellence, Mr. James Bryce. Writing in 1888, he remarks: "Many of the newer ones [buildings] are handsome and well arranged." To-day, after twenty-five years there would be rather more to say.

Surely, the haphazard plan of our colleges, while often an immediate defect, is also an opportunity. Mr. Bryce attributes the multiplying of isolated buildings to our climate. In any case, the group of buildings with spacious grounds is quite as definitely the American plan for a college as the quadrangle is the English or the single monumental pile the Continental. Our problem is to harmonize the buildings with each other and with the natural features of the site. Thus landscape architecture is quite as important as her more formal sister. And there are opportunities for most charming composite effects, which should challenge the combined ingenuity of architects of both sorts. In Professor Hamlin's article there are no more interesting illustrations than those of memorial gateways guarding shaded alleys, at Bowdoin and Oberlin. We have before us as we write a dignified plan by which, in all future building, Washington and Lee University is to get the full advantage of its fine site. Williams College, after lining her park-like street with too many ugly or stupid buildings, is at length going to repair damages as far as possible and do better for the future. Amherst, with less to undo, is, by a recent class movement, setting about a similar task. These are typical cases out of many that might be cited.

Let no one say that this is merely a sign of the luxuriousness of the times. It is only ignorance or vulgarity that associates architecture with lavish expenditure. Jefferson's dome and colonnades at Charlottesville were inexpensive, even for their time. Respect for the natural beauty and architectural possibility of its site is the measure of the culture of an institution. The seemliness of its buildings denotes its intellectual atmosphere quite as plainly as dress betrays the wearer. It may fairly be urged that the formal education given at our American colleges has too much lacked grace and too little ministered to well-rounded culture. From this point of view, the stately buildings that are rising and the fair stretches of green and thicket and grove about our colleges are parables of the finer and more humane education that is to come.

OUR THEATRICAL DISPENSATION.

Whatever may be thought about the Theatrical Trust, it is impossible not to admire the executive skill and comprehensive grasp of its leading spirit. He has succeeded in practically consolidating the English and American stages, or, at all events, in making one set of entertainments serve for both sides of the Atlantic. This enlarges profits indefinitely, while greatly reducing the number of original productions, with all their varying elements of risk and cost. Never in the whole course of its history has the stage, from the box-office point of view, rested upon so solid a business basis.

Like many other monopolies, the Theatrical Trust, or Trusts—for there are more than one—started from small beginnings and developed by simple means. The first step was to secure a chain of theatres, and the second to provide a sufficient number of popular plays to keep the circuit full. From the first the men in control adopted the policy of taking as few chances as possible. They did not pretend to be prompted by any other ambition than that of making money. Let others dream of the elevation of the stage, the encouragement of literary and dramatic art, and the creation of a national school of dramatists and actors; their aim was to gratify, not to direct or improve, the public taste, and straightway began the search for conspicuous public successes of every description, with the wholesale importation of foreign men and material. A little later set in the process of the manufacture of stars, and the employment of authors skilled in dramatic tailoring, to fashion parts in which these extemporized geniuses might be displayed to the least possible disadvantage.

Few persons, perhaps, outside of those who have watched it, and feared it, and denounced it from the first, had any idea of the ramifications or power of the largest and most notorious of these theatrical organizations until Mr. Charles Frohman came home the other day, and, like a god, holding in his hands the gifts of good and evil, revealed to us the measures which he had devised for our winter's entertainment. His schedule, regarded merely as a business summary, is a most striking illustration of American keenness, energy, and business aptitude. It contains samples of everything that is offered in the contemporaneous theatrical market. Nor can he be accused of making injudicious selections. He seems to have secured nearly everything of known good quality that was to be had, and certainly deserves credit at least to that extent.

There are some very attractive features in his latest programme, together with much patent trash. Among the former must be included the two Phillips plays, "Herod" and "Ulysses"; Barrie's comedy, "The Admirable Crichton"; Davies's "Cousin Kate," the as yet unnamed comedy by Pinero, and the French piece "Crainquebille." There are also the promised pieces by Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Anthony Hope, Haddon Chambers, H. A. Jones, Capt. Marshall, and H. V. Esmond. Some of them, certainly, ought to turn out well. Upon the Sardou play "The Sorceress," professedly devised to give full play to all the wiles and furies of the later Bernhardt, it would not be wise to build much expectation. Better things are contained, probably, in the French plays by Henry Lavedan and others which Mr. Frohman owns. One of these is an adaptation of Poe's madhouse story, "The System of Dr. Gondron," which is being done into English by Richard Harding Davis. In addition to all these there are a number of so-called musical comedies, a collection of Drury Lane and other melodramas, and various plays, new and old, which may be catalogued as nondescript. Moreover, Mr. Frohman will superintend, as usual, the movements of an army of assorted stars of diminishing brilliancy from Sir Henry Irving down.

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Now all this, at first sight, makes a very remarkable showing, and doubtless indicates a season of more than ordinary interest. But it is not very inspiring when any one begins to sum it all up and asks what it means. In the first place, it goes far to justify the worst apprehensions of those who from the beginning have understood and dreaded the tendencies of syndicate management. It is plain that the chief sources of miscellaneous drama—including poetic tragedy, problem plays, social comedies, melodrama, farce, and musical extravaganza—have come under the control of a theatrical commercial autocracy. Its policy is to limit the output, so far as possible, to the amount which is needed to supply its *circuit of theatres*, which includes practically the whole theatrical territory between London and San Francisco. There is no pretence of encouraging or looking for new literary talent. The essential element of real management—critical discrimination—has been eliminated altogether. The new plan is simply to provide a wider field for the exploitation of a popular success, no matter what the nature of that success may be, whether dramatic, sensational, lascivious, humorous, or frankly idiotic. Such pieces as have won favor in London, Paris, or Berlin, are transported in bulk a year or two later—having been kept in cold storage meanwhile—to American theatres corresponding in general character with those in which they were originally presented. The best comedies go to one set of houses, the second-rate to another, the melodramas and spectacles to a third group, the musical farces to a fourth; and in this way plays of inferior value, or no value at all, are kept alive for many months, instead of a few weeks. No doubt any syndicate manager could tell you what piece will be running in any designated house in his circuit in March, 1905.

In one sense, this is good business, and there can be no question that the scheme has been worked with great sagacity and rare executive ability. But what is the present effect of it and what will be the inevitable outcome? All wholesome competition has been killed; the American theatre, as a national institution, has been smothered in its cradle; ambitious dramatists—except the few who "arrived" years ago or have learned to write to order—have lost their occupation; the race of trained actors is almost extinct, and New York has to put up with frequently inferior performances of imported plays. The result, we believe, will be a grand crash when the erection of new theatres and the creation of opposition circuits, already begun, shall render the maintenance of a monopoly impossible. Succeeding the wreck, will come a period of chaos, in which the struggle for bare existence by individual actors and managers will lead to the renewal of competition and the reappearance of the stock companies; without these there can be no theatrical redemption. The day may be distant, but already there are signs of its dawn. Meanwhile, until we are able to spread a dramatic table of our own, we must philosophically enjoy the crumbs which fall from those of our richest European neighbors. Common justice compels the admission that our theatrical *deus ex machina* has garnered for us many of their daintiest morsels.

EGYPT.

CAIRO, 1903.

It is more than fifty years since Said Pasha, his family, and his friends, when endeavoring to absorb as their personal possession the land of Egypt, introduced large steam engines to irrigate their huge estates, and sugar factories to work up the product of their ill-gotten possessions; yet the small proprietors have till recently persistently adhered to all their ancient ways. But now, side by side with the sakieh or old-fashioned waterwheel, raising its string of earthenware jars with a dreamy, snoring groan as the drowsy cow or buffalo revolves it, or beside the still more archaic suspended pole or shadoof, balanced with a counterpoise of mud to assist the fellah in raising his leather bucket full of water, one sees occasionally a small portable boiler and steam pump. Still, steam is at a discount, for in 1897 there were in Egypt, raising water for irrigation, 622 stationary steam engines, 3,352 portable engines, 104,855 waterwheels moved by animal power, and innumerable shadoofs. Though the portable boiler and steam pump do more work than a village full of toiling peasants, yet as each proprietor of a little plot can raise what water he actually needs for his own crops, it could be only through coöperation that a steam pump would pay. Such an advanced stage of industrial life is still a long way off. Thus the picturesque will continue to resist for many a day the assaults of utilitarianism, and the common avocations of their ancestors for ages past, as depicted on the tombs, will continue to be repeated for generations to come in actual life.

The narrow strip of land on the banks of the Nile which constitutes Egypt has probably always been owned and worked under some tenure in small holdings. Today, of the 5,097,431 acres of arable land inscribed on the Government register, 43.47 per cent. are held by 11,952 so-called large proprietors, controlling over fifty acres, and 56.03 per cent. are held in lots of under fifty acres. Of the small proprietors, more than 600,000 own less than five acres. Among the large proprietors are several public companies which have acquired the Deira and other public lands only as brokers, and on conditions that require disposing of them in small lots within a given period to actual farmers; the object of the Government being by this as by other measures to encourage and assist the peasant proprietorship. A farmer with from one to ten acres—and ten acres is a large farm—will continue to raise water for irrigation by hand or ox power, as his forefathers have always done. Thus the past will be ever present.

If one wishes to breathe the atmosphere of ancient and of native modern Egypt, shun the tourist steamboat and take one of Cook's express boats. The first shock you receive is the blast of the whistle as you throw off from the first landing-place; the next is the babble of voices in the hot, close dining-room; the third is when you are herded like a flock of cattle and driven through tombs and temples under the lash of the dragoman lest you miss or detain the boat. After the first night passed with all the equanimity you can muster in a cupboard, without even a shelf to lay a book upon, comes the awful scramble for three baths by thirty or forty male passengers, some of whom consider themselves entitled, after such a struggle, to retain possession for half an hour. And so the journey proceeds, with irritation increasing with the distance travelled, and reaching its culmination at the First Cataract, where some of the passengers would be glad to escape by rail or by balloon, but find, if they have taken tickets for Wady Halfa, they must repeat the process or forfeit their money. Cook very wisely, and with perfect justice, sells his tickets with the express proviso that there shall be no refund: wisely, because some passengers, after the ordeal they have gone through, would go no further; justly, because the capital invested in the fleet of boats, which are in commission from December to March only, is large, and the service is liberally and admirably conducted, considering the difficulties of providing supplies, with no good local markets to draw from, and the high cost of fuel.

The better plan is not to book in advance for a round trip to Wady Halfa by any tourist steamer, but to take the journey by instalments, and run the slight risk (which certainly does exist, but only in the height of the season) of not being able to get a passage by one of the three boats between the First and Second Cataracts, if you are going as far as Wady Halfa, or, further still, to Khartum. There are now excellent hotels at Luxor and Assuan, which only in the very busy season are overtaxed. A railroad with *trains de luxe* between Cairo and Luxor skirts the Nile bank, and gives access to most points of interest. Cook runs three classes of boats, and two opposition lines compete with him for the passenger traffic to Assuan, and therefore it is unwise to commit yourself beyond hope of repentance by deciding on any plan of travel when Cairo is reached, and still more so to pay in advance for your ticket. Of course, if time and money are of no consequence, the dahabieh, without the horrid appendage of a steam launch, is still, and ever will be, the ideal mode of Nile travel; though, now that the Assuan Dam has converted the Nile for nearly the whole distance between the First and Second Cataracts into a lake during the tourist season, dahabieh navigation over this stretch of the river without a steam launch is very slow and precarious, because dependent on the winds. The tow-paths on the banks are submerged and the current has been arrested. Nevertheless, it is only on the dahabieh that, with your native dragoman, cook, and crew, you can keep aloof from the big hotels, with all their reminders of the busy, electrically-lighted, artificial world which you have left, come in

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touch with modern Egypt, and get some faint conception of that very old Egyptian civilization and its people.

Fifty years ago, Cairo was a beautiful Eastern city, third in rank after Damascus and Constantinople. Around the old cemetery of the Ezbekiyeh, which Napoleon during his expedition of 1798 offended Arab susceptibility by turning from a graveyard into a garden, had gathered a European quarter. But there was only one street opening from the Ezbekiyeh to the citadel of Mohammed Ali through which a wheeled vehicle could travel. Now, in cutting streets for carriages and tramways, some of the finest architecture of the old town has been demolished, and gaping interiors and tottering minarets of mosques implore the lover of the picturesque to select the site for new streets at least with some regard to the claims of antiquity. One of the charms of the narrow streets of Cairo still resides in the exquisite wooden balconies protruding from the second stories and almost meeting midway. They shielded the passer-by from the fury of the sun while delighting him with the beauty of their design, and they enabled the ladies of the harem to see without being seen, and to gossip with their captive friends in their pretty cages opposite. Perhaps not without reason, the authorities, recognizing the danger to which these beautiful balconies expose the city from fire, have forbidden that any new houses be provided with them, while permitting existing balconies to remain. Thus, one after another of the architectural features which made Cairo so attractive is vanishing at the behest of money-making corporations or the exigencies of public safety.

Alexandria is of course more modern than ever. It never was a purely Oriental city. Founded by Alexander the Great, it was more Grecian than Egyptian. In the middle ages it was a Levantine depot. After the Portuguese opened up the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope it dwindled into an insignificant local port, and so remained until it came in the fourth decade of the last century to be the transfer station of the P. and O. steamers of the mails and passengers to and from India. When that astute founder of the present Khedival dynasty, Mohammed Ali Pasha, linked it to the Nile by the Mahmudiyeh Canal, it was the only seaport of Egypt capable of accommodating a large ship until, on the opening of the Suez Canal, Port Said, its Mediterranean terminus, threatened to become a dangerous rival. But the trade of Egypt has grown with such rapidity that, despite the traffic deflected to her competitor, Alexandria has increased in prosperity and in outward appearance beyond all anticipation. The bombardment of 1882 and the destruction of property by the incendiary fires which followed, swept away the original Frank portion around and including the huge open space known as the Grand Square of Mohammed Ali, which fifty years ago was a lake during heavy rains and a dusty plain in dry weather, surrounded by ugly barracks that accommodated the principal business firms, and approached by narrow streets bereft of all Oriental beauty and offering none of the conveniences and sanitary advantages of the West. But there stands debited to the Special and General Reserve Fund as an extraordinary expenditure an item of "Alexandria Indemnities," amounting to £4,143,956. As the Alexandria of to-day shows, there was thus returned to the sufferers from the bombardment and the conflagration an ample sum with which to rebuild the European quarter, and it was evidently used on brick and mortar, and must have been supplemented by a few millions more, for the European quarter, with its present wide streets and handsome shops, and the European suburbs in the direction of Ramleh have so overshadowed the native town that Alexandria is more than formerly a Western city. The native quarter possesses no interesting features and never did. Even the native ladies prefer the European shops and European dress, including high-heeled shoes, to their own bazaars and graceful native costume.

The harbor facilities and the safety of the port have been increased, a sea wall nearly two miles in length being only one of the recent improvements. But these have not been in excess of the requirements of the increasing traffic, for of a total of £14,814,688 of Egypt's imports in 1902, £13,093,017 came in through Alexandria, and of the £17,617,003 which Egypt sent into the markets of the world, £17,186,324 was shipped through Alexandria. Though the business of Egypt is transacted in and through Alexandria, Port Said draws the passenger traffic, and comparatively few travellers now see Alexandria, but are obliged to receive their first impressions of the land of the Pharaoh and the Khedive from the moral and physical filth of the mushroom, pasteboard town of Port Said. None of the boats with through passengers to the East now touch at either Malta or Alexandria, as they did of yore, and only tourists and Mediterranean coasting steamers discharge or receive passengers at what is the most interesting survival of the Old World's great mercantile marts.

One of my earliest experiences of the land of the kourbash was on the Mahmudiyeh Canal. Just after leaving Alexandria a freight boat interrupted the speed of the Government steamer conveying the Indian mails and passengers. It did not accelerate our journey, but it exhibited to his passengers the power and authority of the captain, when he had the unfortunate *reis* of the freight boat brought on board, held down and bastinadoed, to our helpless indignation. Such an exhibition of reckless cruelty could not be given to-day; still, the stick and the rhinoceros whip are in everybody's hand, and each class seems to think it inconsistent with its dignity not to whack away at the class below it. Summary punishment is perhaps preferable, even to the criminal, to punishment after the ordeal of a trial; and therefore it was probably on that principle that for a slight offence we saw one of the excellent force of mounted guardsmen seize a lad and hold him while the dragoman with his cane imposed light condign punishment. There was at any rate a recognition of the sanctity of law in the person of one of its officials. But in the old days, until the English occupation, the indiscriminate use of the kourbash was a lesser evil than the inhuman use of the corvée, or forced labor on public or privileged official works, and the wholesale compulsory enlistment of the villagers into the army. The Mahmudiyeh Canal—a work of the greatest public benefit, which Egypt owes to Mohammed Ali, and which, until the introduction of the railroad, and later until the Suez Canal was dug, enabled Egypt to be used as the highway to India—was constructed by forced labor at the cost of 30,000 lives. Even the Suez Canal was for a time dug on the same oppressive system. Said Pasha undertook to provide the Suez Canal Company with 25,000 laborers, to be replaced every three months by a fresh relay. They were to be paid and fed by the company, but the wages were a pittance and the food not overabundant, and the sanitary arrangements worse than defective. The results were so appalling that Ismail Pasha was moved to cancel that clause of the contract, but on conditions so onerous to his poor people that his merciful intervention simply shifted the burden from one shoulder to the other. Emperor Louis Napoleon, to whom was left the assessment of the damages, decided that £3,360,000 be paid to the Canal Company as compensation.

One of the first ameliorations in the condition of the peasantry after the occupation was the partial abolition of the corvée. From time immemorial everybody had been forced to do his share in cutting irrigation canals, cleaning them annually from the accumulation of mud deposited during the high Nile, and protecting the banks of the river. Certain privileged classes had obtained exemption, and through similar influences even public labor was expended on private property. Every male from eighteen to fifty years of age was liable to serve, and one-fourth of the total male population were expected to give their labor gratuitously for forty days each summer. But as so many exemptions were secured through corrupt influences, the burden fell with crushing weight on the helpless peasantry. To-day the only enforced labor is that required to protect the banks of the river itself during the flood, and this is more equitably imposed than formerly; and if Sir W. Willcocks's suggestions are carried out, it will be called for only when the flood is excessive and approaches the danger mark. In 1902, 4,970 men were obliged to give this gratuitous service for 100 days; but it was a low Nile year. Of course the suppression of the corvée and the payment of labor for cleaning and maintaining the irrigating ditches and reservoirs and for other public work has added about £400,000 to the expenditure side of the annual budget. Taxation is still inordinately heavy, because Egypt's debt is large out of all proportion to the resources of the country or the number of the population. An annual tribute to the Sultan was promised, which has imposed on the revenue of Egypt during the last twenty years a payment of over £13,000,000, or £665,000 a year. In spite, therefore, of a reduction in the rate of interest, through conversion of certain securities since Egypt's credit has revived, 48 per cent. of Egypt's revenue is absorbed by interest on debt and tribute to the Porte, and only 52 per cent. is available for administration and for public works.

Foreigners now no longer enjoy the unfair exemption from taxation which they once possessed, and the policy has been to relieve the fellah, or farmer, as much as possible without injustice to other interests. As a result of these ameliorations in the lot of the fellahin, there has been a marked improvement in the general air of

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prosperity along the banks of the river, as well as in the fellah's personal appearance. His mud hut is the same as of yore, and he is clad with the same scanty garments; but both are suited to the climate, and he will be slow in discarding either. On the other hand, relieved from the fear of unjust requisitions, he has planted date trees in such number that, instead of an occasional grove, the river is now almost fringed with them, and the number of young plantations expresses his sense of security from the future. There is still a tax on every date tree, but he knows that his will not be counted twice and his neighbor's overlooked. Like all peasantry, he is an inveterate borrower, and there are usurers willing to lend, even on the security of next year's crops, at 2½ per cent. per month. But the Agricultural Bank is starting agencies in all the little hamlets, and lending money to all worthy creditors at an equitable rate. The Government has guaranteed 3 per cent. on the capital of the Agricultural Bank, an offshoot of the National Bank of Egypt, on the condition that it start such branches in the small agricultural towns and lend money in petty sums to the fellahin at 9 per cent. The results of the operation of the bank in 1902 are curious, as showing the small scale on which the small farmer works. Savings banks have also been opened and are well patronized, but not by the fellahin.

Compulsory enlistment is still necessary to recruit the army of 18,000 men which Egypt seems to need, but the same drastic measures, involving vicarious punishment in case of failure to supply the quotum or of desertion, are no longer resorted to. In the old days the sheikh of the village was responsible for the appearance of the recruit. If he failed to report, one month was allowed the sheikh to find him. Failing to produce him, he had to find three substitutes, and, failing that, he had to undergo personal punishment. If a man deserted, his family was also held responsible for his return, and a relative had to take his place in the ranks, or the next of kin was compelled to pay £100, which meant absolute ruin to the small landholder. The old army was a slovenly, ill-drilled, ill-paid, and spiritless body, whose inefficiency as soldiers was painfully manifest when Hicks Pasha and Baker Pasha's large commands were annihilated by the dervishes. The officers were hardly distinguishable from the men. To-day the army and the constabulary are neat in their dress and smart in their bearing, and both officers and men proved their courage in the last Sudan campaign. But whether the villager is any better pleased than formerly to leave his house and serve five years with the colors may well be doubted, though one sees fewer men with one eye or the trigger finger amputated than formerly, when, in addition to these mutilations, the absence of the front teeth, with which the end of the cartridge was bitten off, was very noticeable.

A feature of Egyptian life which a certain class of the people regard as a hardship, not as an amelioration, has almost entirely disappeared with the abolition of slavery. Fifty years ago the black slave market in Alexandria and Cairo was a show place open to all comers. That in which Georgian and Circassian girls were for sale was accessible only to intending purchasers or those with special admission. Within ten years from that date Egypt had agreed to the abolition of slavery, but slave boats descended the Nile with their cargoes of human beings without any pretence of concealment. Gradually, however, the force of European opinion and the necessity of propitiating it compelled the Egyptian Government to sincerely endeavor to repress the trade. At the same time Gordon's active measures in the Sudan cut off the supply. Abolition was to be gradual. Lord Cromer reports in 1902 94 males and 144 female slaves as manumitted; but that slaveholding is still adhered to with all the tenacity of a native habit is indicated by five convictions for kidnapping.

BALZAC'S PERFUMER.

PARIS, July 14, 1903.

Powerful as was the imagination of Balzac, it has been proved in recent times that the great novelist of the "Comédie Humaine" always found his heroes and heroines in real life. He used his human documents with the utmost freedom, but he never dispensed with them. Thus it is that his own life and its numerous incidents are intimately connected with his works; that there is such an intense sentiment of reality in his novels; that the actors in the "Comédie Humaine" are so alive that we cannot help remembering them as our personal acquaintances.

M. Lenotre, who lives among the archives of the police, has made curious discoveries about the royalist intrigues of the time of the Consulate, a period which furnished Balzac with elements for some of his greatest works:

"His heroes," says M. Lenotre, "are true, so true that, in looking over the police reports of the time, we think we see them appear before us, and we name them as they go by. This one is Marche-à-terre (a Chouan); this one is the councillor of state Malin; there is the *mouchard* (spy) Corentin; there is the heroic Michu, the noble damsel D'Esgrignon, the brothers Simeuse. Ah! how he knew them and painted them! What history can compete in truth with his novels!"

There is a novel of Balzac's, 'César Birotteau,' whose hero is a hairdresser. He was also mixed up with royalist intrigues and conspiracies. The art of hairdressing received a terrible shock at the time of the Revolution, when wigs were abolished as forming a part of the old régime. All the industries connected with hairdressing suffered in consequence of it. Powder *à la Reine* or *à la Maréchale* was considered aristocratic; it was no longer allowable to rouge. It was perhaps for this reason that Marie-Antoine Caron, *parfumeur*, established since 1778 in the Rue du Four-St. Germain, hated the Revolution with all his heart. Caron, who served as a model for Birotteau, came to Paris from his village with nothing but the clothes he had on. He became, in time, the head of a perfumer's shop in the quarter of the Abbaye. The Revolution ruined his trade, and he became a fanatical royalist. His lost clients were friends and emissaries of the Bourbons. His shop became a centre where letters were exchanged between the Chouans of the west of France and their friends in Paris.

At the time of the eighteenth Brumaire. Caron was fifty-five years old. He had lost his wife in 1787, and was living with two women, his relations, and a man servant; his house had a double entrance. During the bloody days of the Terror, he did not dare to play an active part in politics; after the famous day of the 13th Vendémiaire, when the royalists showed themselves armed in the streets of Paris, he became bolder. His part consisted in receiving in his house and concealing the agents of the Princes, who were sought by the police of the Directory. The first who found a lodging in his house was Pastoret; then came several others, among whom was probably Frotté. "A room was given to the proscribed in the upper part of the house, to which the only access was by a trap-door. The friends who came to see him entered the shop, bargained, in a conventional language, for some perfume, and, while Caron affected to weigh with much attention pastilles of benjamin or oil-of-pearls, the servant watched the street and the visitor took the stairs for the second story." The most constant guest was Hyde de Neuville. A price had been put on his head, but he went quietly, under a false name, from London to Paris and from Paris to Normandy. He spent about eight months in all in Caron's house; he had become quite a friend of the family; he tells in his Memoirs curious anecdotes about the life he led. There were, at the time, public *crieurs* who shouted the news in the streets. One day, while at breakfast, Caron and his family heard a man shouting: "Arrest and condemnation of the conspirator Hyde de Neuville, judged by a military commission and to be shot within twenty-four hours." Hyde de Neuville was at the table, and next to him was another royalist agent, unknown to him, to whom he had been presented as a refractory priest, and who exclaimed: "Oh! it is horrible! What an event, Monsieur l'Abbé! Poor man! he was my friend, my intimate friend!" Hyde de Neuville had much difficulty in not bursting with laughter.

The perfumer Caron was not as brave as Hyde de Neuville, and he finally became so alarmed that he shut the door of the "Queen of Flowers" to the *émigrés*. In March, 1804, a sort of duel took place between the First Consul and the famous Georges Cadoudal, who was hiding in Paris. Georges, who had made an attempt on the life of Bonaparte, and did not conceal his intention of killing him, was concealed at the house of a fruiterer, on the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, with two of his acolytes. Not feeling safe, he sent one of them to Caron, to ask for a refuge; after some resistance, Caron concluded to trust to Providence, and ordered a mass to be said. "The next day he gave 24 sous to the little Victoire to have one said at the Church of the Carmelites. She addressed herself to an old priest, the Abbé Enard, saying that Caron wished for a mass of the Holy Spirit in order to know God's will on an important decision which he had to take." The mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock. Françoise and Victoire were there, and Caron served it; on coming back he said that "his conscience was calm, and that he would lodge these gentlemen." In the afternoon came a vicar of Saint Sulpice, the Abbé de Kéravenan (who celebrated the marriage of Danton and his mistress and followed the famous Terrorist to the scaffold). This Abbé was probably

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the model of the holy priest who appears in 'César Birotteau.' It was arranged that Cadoudal should arrive on the following Friday, in the morning, in a cabriolet, which would be driven by one of his men; his two friends would arrive an hour afterwards. On the day fixed, Caron and the two servants who lived with him were in a state of great excitement. Nobody arrived at the fixed hour; one of the women went out, and saw in the Place Saint-Sulpice a cabriolet, which was empty. She learned there that Georges Cadoudal, being followed by policemen, had jumped out of the cabriolet, had been followed and arrested.

Three days afterward, Caron was arrested. He declared that he did not know the names of the men who had been in his house, and played the part of an imbecile with so much skill that he was released after ten months of imprisonment. His shop had been closed; he received soon afterwards an order to leave Paris and to reside in Bourges, where the police kept an eye on him. He had time before leaving to marry his servant, Françoise, and he confided to her the "Reine des Fleurs." This woman, up to the end of the Empire, wrote petition after petition asking that her husband be allowed to come back to Paris; and protesting that the Emperor could have no more faithful and warm admirer. The police reports did not agree with her language, and Caron remained an exile from Paris till the return of the Bourbons.

His services to the royalist cause had been such that Louis XVIII. allowed him to come before him at the Tuileries and gave him a medal. The Duchess of Angoulême obtained for him the place of King's messenger, and he figured in that capacity in the official lists of the "Royal Almanac" after the dignitaries of the kingdom. He had lodgings in the Palais-Bourbon (now inhabited by the President of the Chamber of Deputies and close to the Palace of the Chamber). His functions were very simple: he accompanied the President of the Chamber from the door of the Palace to the chair; and once a year, in a fine costume, he announced to the House of Peers that the House of Deputies had opened its session.

Caron discharged these functions till he died. He lived to the age of eighty-seven years, and died in 1831. I have just reread 'César Birotteau,' and recognized Caron well in the perfumer who is the central figure in that novel. I admired the great reality and life Balzac gives to his characters. His powerful imagination, his faculty of seeing, so to speak, with the mind's eye, had not a little to do with it; but there is no doubt that Balzac drew much from real life and had living models constantly before him. He combined the traits which were thus furnished to him as a painter combines colors. He lived in a time when there were still many witnesses of the most extraordinary period in French history—men and women who had seen the splendors of the old monarchy, the troubles of the Revolution, the horrors of the Terror, the confusion of the Directory, the epic events of the Empire, the rise and downfall of Napoleon, the return of the Bourbons. This period has furnished ample documents to the historian, and, in one sense, Balzac may almost be called a historian, as he gives us the spirit of the times in which his heroes lived. The curious versatility of his mind allows him to understand the passions of men in all ranks of society. I will not speak here of the real historians of that momentous period. M. Lenotre has chosen in it very special elements; he seems to delight particularly in the study of the unknown and mysterious intrigues which are, so to speak, the subsoil of history. His latest volume, from which I could choose only episodes, adds much to this underground study of the Revolutionary period. I will say, also, that, though it reads sometimes like a novel, it has all the exactitude of real history.

Correspondence.

NOT A NEW CRIME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Speaking of what another writer calls "the new negro crime—by which is meant the crime against white women," Mr. I. W. Griscom says, in the *Nation* of July 30 (p. 92):

"We are told by a Southern correspondent in *Harper's Weekly* of the 18th inst. that this crime was unknown in the days of slavery. This being so, it is clear that it is a result, not of the privilege of voting, but of emancipation. It is the result of the restraints of slavery being removed from a few extremely depraved and brutal human beings."

As the statement that the crime was unknown in the days of slavery is accepted by Mr. Griscom, and as this notion is widely entertained, may I be allowed to point out that the statement is untrue? The crime was known in this country for nearly two hundred years before the abolition of slavery, it was mentioned in legislative acts, and for a century and a half it appears to have been invariably punished by legal process. Hence the only "new" thing about the crime is the illegal and brutal punishment inflicted by white mobs. This is an outgrowth of the past two generations, for apparently not until about 1835 were negroes lynched for this or for any other crime. The earliest instance of the crime known to the present writer occurred in 1676, when a negro was executed at Boston for the rape of his master's daughter. (See 'Records of the Court of Assistants, Mass.,' 1901, p. 74.) Albert Matthews.

Boston, Mass., August 2, 1903.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think the Southern correspondent in *Harper's Weekly* (*Nation*, p. 92), is wrong in stating that the particular crime there alluded to was unknown in the days of slavery. There is, in fact, a distinct mention of such a case in Miss Martineau's 'Society in America.' Captain Marryat alludes to the same case. T. T.

A PSEUDONYM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many of your readers will have perused with interest your Paris correspondent's very admirable précis of Lucien Perey's recent volume dealing with the court of Charles of Lorraine at Brussels, reviewed in the *Nation* of July 9, 1903. Some will doubtless notice the slip by which this enchanting historical essay is attributed to a masculine pen. "Lucien Perey" is, as most people on this side know, the nom de plume of Mlle. Luce Herpin, whose studies of the eighteenth century are certainly familiar to those of your readers conversant with the French language.

Very truly yours,

Remsen Whitehouse.

Lausanne, July 20 1903.

Notes.

'Reading a Poem,' a sketch by Thackeray, written in 1841, is to be republished at an early date by A. Wessels Co., with a photogravure portrait, in a limited edition.

'The Nemesis of Froude,' which John Lane promises in another week, will keep the Carlyle controversy boiling a while longer.

'The History of Wethersfield, Conn.,' by Dr. Henry R. Stiles, is announced by the Grafton Press of this city.

A new poetical version of the text of Wagner's "Parsifal," by Oliver Huckel, will be brought out by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. in anticipation of the opera's first production in this city.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's 'Under Dog,' which we recently appraised, has promptly been reissued as part of the handsome "Beacon Edition" of the works of this versatile writer by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The forced humor of Mr. William Macdonald, who edits with a jaunty preface a twelve-volume edition of the 'Works of Charles Lamb' (London: Dent; New York: Dutton), we are loth to ascribe to being subdued to what he works in. If imitation, it is a poor tribute to the master. We incline to say nothing of it except that the writer compares himself with previous editors, showing how much more he intends to resurrect and rake and scrape together, and how it will be disposed in the series. Most of those who purchase on the faith of his representation will be content to get the most for their money, and let the particulars go. It remains to say that, judging from the first two volumes, 'Essays' and 'Last Essays of Elia,' any possessor of the set is to be congratulated. The Dent stamp of tasteful typography is on them, and Mr. C. E. Brock is in his element in the delightful illustrations. There is a frontispiece portrait from the familiar engraving by Henry Meyer, tinted in the good old fashion, and another, in profile and youthful, from a drawing by Hancock made in 1798.

The 'Biographical Annals of the Civil Government of the United States during its First Century,' compiled by the late Charles Lanman, and published in 1876, had among other valuable features a section of "Tabular Records" displaying the evolution of our Government from the Declaration of Independence to the completion of the Constitutional amendments; and the personnel of the several administrations (President, Vice-President, and Cabinet officers), with particulars as to date of appointment, term of service, origin of the several departments, etc. This useful task has now been performed anew in an independent manner and more fully and explicitly, on the whole, with citation of statutes only referred to by Lanman, and published in a

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neat, clearly printed volume by Robert Brent Mosher of the Department of State. Many interesting documents have been introduced from the archives. The division is by Administrations, and that of President Roosevelt concludes the exhibit. The framework is thus laid for a periodical reissue, and the 'Executive Register of the United States' ought to find a place among the convenient and indispensable books of reference.

Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, head of the division of bibliography in the Library of Congress, has put forth a second edition of the 'List of Books (with references to periodicals) on Mercantile Marine Subsidies,' with an author's index; a 'Select List of References on Federal Control of Commerce and Corporations'; another on 'Anglo-Saxon Interests'; a third on 'Industrial Arbitration'; a fourth on 'Labor, Particularly Relating to Strikes,' with a valuable conspectus of the trend of public opinion during the progress of last year's coal strike; a fifth on 'Old-Age and Civil-Service Pensions'; a sixth on 'The Negro Question'; a seventh of books on the 'Constitution of the United States'; and an eighth on the 'Cabinets of England and America,' in which Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's gallant forlorn hope for the seating of Cabinet officers in Congress is not overlooked.

The eighth volume of the second series of the Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A., embraces the latter half of I and the wnole of J and K, and is substantially alongside Volume VII. of the original series. Insanity claims 175 pages, the Intestines 106, the Kidneys 90; and Jaundice, Jaws, Joints, Knee, and even Jurisprudence (18 pages) make a formidable array. Insects demand 11 pages, and more than a tenth part of this space is given to patent specifications for insecticides. The mosquito does not figure here explicitly, nor under Kerosene. The Kneipp cure occupies a column and a half. Two editions of King James's 'Counterblast to Tobacco,' 1843, 1880, have been taken into the vast collection; and another monarch, Ivan the Terrible, has his mental condition studied in "psychiatric sketches from history," by a Russian author, Kovalevsky. Additions to medical incunabula are comparatively rare in this volume. The numerous works and editions of J. H. Jüngken lead off with one of 1684; of Joannes Ketam there are editions of 1500, 1509, the former with nine woodcuts. The rigid application of the cataloguer's rule to enter an anonymous work by the first significant word of the title, is here exemplified—not to the searcher's advantage, in our opinion—in Jeffries Wyman, John Call Dalton, John P. Phair, for Wyman, J., etc.

The showy Year Book of the Holland Society of New York for 1903 would scarcely merit so much outlay if its middle contents alone were considered—the dinner speeches of the year. The substantial portions for preservation and reference are, at the beginning, the transcripts, with index, of "Some Early Records of the Lutheran Church, New York," and, at the end, the obituaries of deceased members. Scattered through the volume are portraits of officers and speakers.

The third number of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin constitutes a guide to the Museum, with a better than dry introduction to the several rooms and their principal contents, and a plan of each floor.

The statement of business to June 30, 1903, by Thorvald Solberg, Register of Copyrights, shows the largest amount in the history of the office, whether fees or items of entry and deposit be considered. The fees for the year ending as above reached nearly $69,000, a gain of more than four thousand. As many as 3,427 titles were registered on the heaviest day.

We have received from Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London, a relief school wall-map of the world, combining the physical features with political outlines. This is the first of a series to be produced from actual relief models, printed in a low tint of sepia and hence very clear. The general appearance, too, is agreeable, and we can commend these maps for hanging where they will silently instruct the eye in geography.

A conference of leading colonial and British educators was held in London last month "to consider the coördination of university education throughout the Empire, the development of post-graduate courses in applied science, and the formation of an imperial council to deal permanently with these and other matters of special interest to university students." Mr. Bryce presided at the first session, making a most interesting and suggestive address. Referring to the fact that "wherever Britons had gone it had been a part of the British policy to establish universities," he said that "they now wished to correlate these seats of learning and to combine their efforts, . . . to increase their efficiency, partly by combination, and partly, where there was room for that process, by specialization also." These ends would be reached best through an interchange of students, towards which a very remarkable step had been taken by the magnificent endowment of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. This interchange would "help them, as perhaps nothing else would do, to follow the movements of public opinion in those regions, and to create what he might call a common public opinion of the British people—a public opinion which would occupy itself with questions which were common to all." Sir William Huggins expressed the high appreciation and sympathy of the Royal Society with the great objects of the conference, and Lord Kelvin welcomed it as an important step towards the unification of the Empire. Sir Oliver Lodge advocated coöperation, "not by uniformity but rather the opposite—each trying educational experiments in the training of teachers, methods of examination and so on, comparing results fully and freely, and then adopting the methods which were found to be the best."

An important step in the progress of Japan is apparently about to be taken in the compulsory teaching of the Roman alphabet, as well as a Romanized Japanese alphabet, in the Government primary schools. This work has been done to some extent already in the universities, but, if this proposal of the Education Department be adopted, the Romanization of the Japanese language is not far distant, for the next generation of Japanese of all classes will be familiar with the Latin alphabet. It is difficult to realize all that this will mean to the nation. It will simplify political and commercial relations, and will render Western thought and literature accessible to the bulk of the people. The scheme, if it find favor, will probably come into operation at the beginning of the next scholastic year, leaving a few months for the preparation of the readers and other handbooks.

—The August *Scribner's* is devoted as usual to fiction. The story of the great sea fight off Ushant, in 1794, is hardly an exception when one considers the form in which it is written, and the same might perhaps be said of Nelson Lloyd's article on "The County Fair," without depriving sociology of any highly valuable asset. In the selection of stories the editors have secured a goodly number of very distinctly marked types—the serious moral problem of Edith Wharton's "Sanctuary," the delicious satire of "The Burglar and the Lady," by Jesse Lynch Williams; the admirable fooling of Margaret Sherwood in "The Princess and the Microbe"; Anne O'Hagan's almost comical pathos in "Miss Martin's Hour," and the breezy love story by Mary R. S. Andrews, "The Little Revenge." In the field of art, Montgomery Schuyler considers the problem of the modern skyscraper. Of present achievements he speaks with deserved severity. "These things have turned the sky-line of New York into a horribly jagged Sierra, and converted the commercial quarters of all our chief commercial cities into gloomy and windy cañons." With intelligent legislative regulation, however, and intelligent effort on the part of architects, he sees the possibility of something better. "We can imagine quarters and avenues in New York in which a uniform bounding row of skyscrapers might be not merely inoffensive, but sublime. The editor makes our new relations with the Orient the occasion for a plea for more attention to "manners" according to the Emersonian definition—"the happy ways of doing things, hardened into usage."

—*Harper's* for August gives a liberal allowance to the fiction reader, but without exclusion of other interests. Brander Matthews writes of "Foreign Words in English Speech," pleading especially for the Anglicising of plurals brought in from other tongues. In alleging vainglorious freakishness, cheap effrontery, literary snobbishness, etc., against those who employ such plurals as *criteria*, *indices*, and *foci*, Professor Matthews strays wide of the fact. He seems to proceed on the theory that we borrow these words exclusively in the singular, and then pluralize them, either pedantically with the foreign termination, or naturally with the English. He is at one here with his colleague of the *Bookman*, whose chronic war against what he is pleased to call "the retained object" assumes that we think first in, the *active* voice and then turn a mental somersault into the passive, thoughtlessly "retaining" in the new position an object to which we are not entitled. As a matter of fact, men think as spontaneously in the passive as in the active, in the plural as in the singular. While the nouns that are troubling Professor Matthews were still recognized as distinctly foreign, they were borrowed and used in the plural as well as the singular, and with some of them the plural form is distinctly the more familiar, as in the case of *alumni*, *bacteria*, *data*. If there is any room for an affected display of knowledge in the case of many of these words, it is in the use not of the universally familiar foreign form of the plural ending, but of the almost entirely unknown

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English form. We venture that not many *alumnuses* of Columbia have ever heard the words *thesises* or *bacteriums*, even in their association with Professor Matthews. If it be pedantry to avoid such disagreeable forms and go on using that with which common usage has rendered us familiar, then by all means let us be pedantic.

—The *Atlantic* presents a gloomy picture of the Philippines in a letter from Arthur Stanley Riggs. There is practically no loyalty to the American cause anywhere; the north is suffering from a vigorous insurrection, while famine, cholera, ladronism, and the intractable Moro trouble the south. Commerce is dull, business houses are everywhere retrenching, and dissatisfaction is evident on every hand. In Mr. Riggs's opinion, the appearance of a really magnetic leader would bring us face to face with another general insurrection; and the temper of the American army is such, he thinks, that the Filipino forces would be "wiped out of existence in smoke and blood" with or without the consent of our officers. Mr. Riggs seems unable to rise to the conception of any other possible palliative than less sentiment and more force, and hence his letter is not significant except as another among the numerous evidences of the failure of the Imperialist programme down to the present date. Prof. Charles J. Bullock presents some striking facts as to the consolidation of banking interests in the United States during the past five years, showing that the Standard Oil and the Morgan alliances together control nearly half the capital invested in banking in the city of New York. He regards this concentration as capable of doing great good by steadying the market in times of possible panic, but only if more than ordinary conservatism be displayed in the management of such enormous power. He sees much potential evil, however, in a situation which ties up so large a proportion of available banking capital in close association with a few great corporate interests, and throws almost insuperable obstacles in the way of financing any new enterprise of great magnitude against the wishes of these interests. Louis C. Elson pleads for a revolution in our ideas of public education in music. Attention should also be given, he thinks, to the receptive rather than the constructive side, that unfortunates "who now howl dutifully twice a week" may be enabled really to enjoy music which they are not obliged to assist in making.

—The progress of the Oxford English Dictionary, under its now triple editorship, is like the line of wave upon the beach. Most in arrear is Mr. Bradley, with "L—Lap," "Lap—Leisurely" sections not yet attaining M; Dr. Murray, a little further up the strand, is on the confines of P; while Mr. W. A. Craigie makes the highest reach before recession—"R—Reactive"—in the instalment just issued by the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). We are with him in volume viii., with Dr. Murray in volume vii., with Mr. Bradley in volume vi. Two more, we are assured, and the mighty work will be rounded out, the tenth volume containing T—Z, "together with some additional matter." It falls to Mr. Craigie to discuss the origin and functions of the letter R. Its vowel relations are the most striking. "By southern [England] speakers *r* is frequently introduced in hiatus, especially in the phrase *the idea(r) of;* in vulgar speech it is heard even in such forms as *draw(r)ing.* In all periods of English *r* has exercised a marked effect upon a preceding vowel." "The R months," during which oysters are in season, find recognition as early as 1599. The phrase "The three R's" "is said to have originated with Sir W. Curtis (1752-1829), who proposed it as a toast"; the first occurrence of it in print, "Reading, Writing, and Rithmetic" bears date 1828. In 1879 the *Athenæum* ventured "Romanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism, the three 'r's' of theological controversy"; and some American colaborer might have supplied the Dictionary with Burchard's untimely "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Another Americanism we miss under Racks, the technical name for the side plankings or buffers of our ferry slips. Railroad was used by Smeaton in 1775, one year in advance of the first recorded use of Railway; and our preferred designation was, we are told, "at one time equally (or more) common in Great Britain, and [is] still usual in America." On the whole, it seems more available for derivatives than Railway—*e. g.*, Railroadiana, Railroadish, Railroadship, Railroader, Railroading, as against Railwayize, Railwayless. Chiefly in the United States may one hear the expression, to "raise" a child; but Mr. Craigie cites an English instance of 1744.

—It is curious that the two earliest examples of Rabblement (=Rabble), in 1548-9, are associated with translations of Erasmus. Raid was revived by Scott, along with Ransom. The ultimate origin of Rat is obscure, "but it seems probable that it was adopted first in the Teutonic languages when the animal came to be known in western Europe, and thence passed into the Romance tongues." Razzia, a French taking over from Algerian Arabic, and pronounced as if it rhymed with *has he a*, is in some recent dictionaries pronounced *ratsia*, "on the analogy of Italian words of similar form," probably from a mistaken etymology. Raillery, pronounced with long *a* in the first syllable, is a slightly younger form than Rallery, "a form which represents the older pronunciation given by Sheridan, Walker, Smart, etc., and still used by some (especially U. S.) speakers." Mr. Craig, coming to the prefix *re-*, gives a full display of its varied force in Latin compounds, and then shows how in English formations it is almost exclusively restricted to the sense of "again," but with such an infinite extension in compounding that no dictionary could cope with the vocabulary. This imposes upon the editor who is obliged to select, a hard task indeed. *Re-* may be prefixed to any English verb or verbal derivative; and "in all words of this type the prefix is pronounced with a clear *e*, and frequently with a certain degree of stress, whereas in words of Latin or Romanic origin the vowel is usually obscured or shortened. . . . In this way double forms arise, with difference of meaning, which in writing are usually distinguished by hyphening the prefix, as recoil, and re-coil . . .," as also happens "when emphasis is laid on the idea of repetition, as, bind and re-bind, or when the main element begins with a vowel." If that vowel be *e*, the hyphen is more apt to be used than the diæresis.

—It is doubtful whether any new edition of Arber's 'English Garner' could retain the charm of the volumes as originally issued between 1877 and 1890. In them Professor Arber brought together many of the most entertaining specimens of sixteenth and seventeenth-century English writing in such a way as to reproduce much of the spirit and the literary ideals of the years when modern England was coming into being. An edition in which the contents are to be rearranged for the sake of making them more practically useful will inevitably lose the very qualities which made those volumes a source of delight and of education to all who had occasion to look through their mazes. Professor Arber had many faults as an editor, and these the publishers of the new edition (London: A. Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) carefully preserve. They seem to think that their whole duty to the man who made the 'Garner' is done when, in a note on the back of the title-page (the only place where they mention Professor Arber's name), they refer to his preëminent virtue—that of accurate collation of texts. Judged by present-day standards of literary and historical editing, his faults are aggravating enough. Much may be said in favor of his modernized spelling, for he wished the general run of book-buyers to read these volumes. More serious matters are the insertion of particles to complete, and occasionally to destroy, the already sufficiently obvious sense; the use of a sort of yard-stick method for determining the modern equivalents for money-values, than which nothing is more uncertain; and his frequent blunders in facts and opinions, such as adding "Indian" as a synonym for "Blackamore." The editors of the new edition are apparently not to touch any of these things. But, with all its faults, Arber's 'Garner' possessed very unusual value, because he edited it precisely as if he were living and publishing in the sixteenth century. He had become so permeated with the feeling of that age that he treated its literary productions precisely as Eden or Hakluyt or Purchas might have done. His faults, like his method and his material, were those of three hundred years ago. As a consequence, the reader who ranges through his volumes finds therein the spirit and the character, the fascination of sixteenth-century England. The new edition of the 'Garner' will be infinitely more convenient if one is looking for information on any particular subject. The first two volumes, for example, contain all the narratives of "Voyages and Travels." These are edited by Raymond Beazley of Oxford, who has prefaced them with learned and scholarly introductions, very readable as well, supplying information necessary to an understanding of the various narratives. This is most desirable, but it cannot supply the more important understanding of the age as a whole, of what it is that gives to these expressions of the thought and action of that most virile age their undeniable charm. No one ever turned the pages of the old 'Garner' without acquiring a fresh and lively appreciation of what the English folk were like three hundred years ago. In comparison, the new edition seems almost as lifeless as a history for ready reference.

—In the death of Alfred Q. Collins, Amer-

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ica has lost an artist who deserved a much wider reputation than he had attained. He was born in New England in 1855, and studied under Bonnat in Paris, returning to this country in 1883, and settling in New York in 1887, where he devoted himself to portrait painting. A fine specimen of his work, his portrait of Justice Van Brunt, may be seen in the Appellate Court room on Madison Square. His painting had few showy qualities, but his brother artists knew how to appreciate his firm drawing, solid workmanship, and powerful characterization; and though he seldom cared to exhibit and was little before the public, his professional standing was of the highest. His art was always perfectly straightforward and sincere, and the vitality of his likenesses was astonishing. At his best the material seemed to disappear and one was confronted with the living man. It is greatly to be hoped that a sufficient number of his works may be got together for exhibition, next winter, to give a clear idea of his extraordinary abilities.

BERENSON'S FLORENTINE DRAWINGS.

The Drawings of the Florentine Painters, Classified, Criticised, and Studied as Documents in the History and Appreciation of Tuscan Art. With a Copious *Catalogue Raisonné*. By Bernhard Berenson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Berenson's latest work, on which he has been engaged for many years, is truly, and in every way, monumental. The mere physical presence of the two great folio volumes is overwhelming. The page is about eighteen inches high by fourteen and a half inches wide, and the volumes are each about two and a half inches thick. The first volume contains more than three hundred pages of critical text, while the second is devoted to the Catalogue, which contains more than 2,800 numbers, the entries running from a line to a page of description and comment. Scattered through the two volumes are 180 plates of drawings "selected as specimens of Florentine draughtsmanship," and reproduced in facsimile by the best modern processes. In all but one or two cases these plates are the exact size of the original, and in almost every case they are so exact in color and the rendering of touch and method that they are, for purposes of study or pleasure, almost equal to the originals. To have done at once with this aspect of the book, let us add that the paper and printing are of the handsomest, and the text, considering the amount of it and its difficulties, remarkably correct, and that the binding, in khaki and brown morocco, is sober and substantial. As the edition is limited to 355 copies (of which 105 are for America) and the type has been distributed, the appeal to the bibliophile should be irresistible.

For the artist and art lover, the superb plates will be the great attraction; for the serious student the text and Catalogue are the important thing. Whatever opinion one may hold of Mr. Berenson's results, there can be but one as to his seriousness and industry, and it is worth while, at the outset, to try to form some idea of the prodigious amount of labor which the preparation of these volumes must have entailed. In the first place, the 2,800 numbers in the Catalogue give no just idea of the number of drawings actually examined. Some of the numbers include many separate sheets, such as No. 561, Botticelli's illustrations to Dante, in Berlin, or No. 1046, Leonardo's Codex Atlanticus in the Ambrosiana, and No. 1071, the same artist's manuscripts in the Institute of France, which have been published in six volumes. Many single sheets, including most of Michelangelo's, are drawn on both sides, and many more have several drawings on the one side, not always by the same hand. Besides all these, must have been seen, and studied more or less, many drawings which are not, for one reason or another, catalogued at all. For instance, the drawings of Leonardo's Milanese following, not being Florentine, are not catalogued, yet they must have been studied to avoid cataloguing them as Leonardo's own. It would be difficult to estimate how many separate drawings Mr. Berenson must have studied in the preparation of his book, but the number can hardly have been less than two or three times as great as that of the entries in his Catalogue.

This vast mass of drawings is scattered through the museums and libraries of Europe and many private collections; the greater part of it was uncatalogued or very insufficiently catalogued; only a part has ever been photographed; and the attribution to this or that master is often absurd, and oftener doubtful. All these drawings have had to be minutely studied and compared with each other and with the pictures with which they might be connected, and every artistic mannerism in the representation of nature or the use of material has been noted and looked for in other works, until the whole mass could be assorted into various groups representing so many "artistic personalities." Many such personalities could be at once connected with an historic name, but others could not; in such cases Mr. Berenson, feeling sure that the personality really existed, has not hesitated to invent a name that may answer as a convenient designation until, if ever, the name borne by the artist "in the flesh" shall be discovered. Finally, whatever documentary evidence has been discovered by the researches of the "archivists" had to be considered and reconciled with the internal evidence. In all this work Mr. Berenson has accepted nothing on trust, and admitted no authority, however respected, but has retested every attribution and reweighed every bit of evidence, and has not hesitated to announce any conclusion, however startling or revolutionary. The whole list has then been numbered consecutively, so that in future any sheet can be briefly identified by such a reference as "Berenson, Florentine Drawings, No. 758."

So far all this labor is strictly that of the cataloguer, but Mr. Berenson has not been content to be merely a cataloguer. All these drawings he has studied again—first, as a critic, for their own æsthetic value and the light they throw on the aims and qualities of Florentine art; second, as a psychologist, for their revelations (more intimate than those of completed work) of temperament and personality; third, in the case of the greater men, as an historian, for their record of the origin and evolution of this or that world-renowned masterpiece.

It is evident that half-a-dozen review articles would not suffice for the mere statement of Mr. Berenson's conclusions. Their discussion and proper criticism would require almost as much labor as Mr. Berenson's own, even if the critic had already something of that writer's expert knowledge. Even the 180 plates would not greatly simplify matters, for, as Mr. Berenson justly remarks, "ten times that number would scarcely suffice to illustrate the text." The true criticism of his book will occupy many years, and will be the work of many hands. At first those who cannot distinguish between conjecture and fact are likely to accept him wholesale; and there are to-day, perhaps, as many of these as of those who will sneer at all connoisseurship and "attribution-mongering," and refuse to consider him at all. Gradually, little by little, the whole of his work will be gone over, with here a rectification, and there an opposing argument or a confirmation, until there is something like a consensus of opinion and a definitive list. We, who have always inclined to a certain caution and natural scepticism in accepting the results of modern connoisseurship, may at least agree that the work of classifying the drawings of the old masters is necessary to be done; that no one is better fitted to inaugurate it than Mr. Berenson; and that the present book will prove the indispensable foundation upon which all future laborers must build. For the rest, we can but touch it here and there at such points as our interest and knowledge dictate.

One of the most startling of Mr. Berenson's achievements, the invention (in the old or new sense) of "Amico di Sandro," was a part of the work undertaken in preparation for these volumes, and the account of the paintings collected under that name was finally published separately because it had grown too long for the place it was meant to occupy. The drawings which Mr. Berenson believes to have been done by the same hand remained for discussion here, together with the work of one or two other like hypothetical personalities, such as "Alunno di Domenico" and "Andrea di Michelangelo." The latter seems certainly to have existed, and to have been named Andrea, whatever may have been his other name, and whether or not he made the drawings attributed to him. In an "addition" Mr. Berenson announces that the real name of "Alunno di Domenico" has been discovered, and that it is Bartolommeo di Giovanni. What may be accomplished by connoisseurship is shown by the fact that the date given by Mr. Berenson, purely on evidences of style, to Botticelli's "Fortezza" has since been proved by documentary evidence to be exact.

Mr. Berenson's own confidence in internal evidence is best shown in the case of the two Raffaellinos. It seems that the works of Raffaellino del Garbo and of Raffaellino di Carli have been confused by Vasari and every one else; also, that the family name of Raffaellino del Garbo was Capponi. Nevertheless, Mr. Berenson unhesitatingly ascribes the one picture signed Capponi to Carli, affirming that "Carli must have painted this altar-piece for Garbo, who had it inscribed with his own name." This is certainly possible; whether or not it is true must be decided by those who have the competence and the facility for an exhaustive study of all the works in ques-

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tion. The whole problem of Garbo and Carli and "Alunno" seems to us to have rather the interest of a fascinating puzzle than any real importance. To the non-expert it seems that the three drawings published by Berenson under the name of Garbo are amazingly unlike each other in style, and that the head and drapery of the best of them, a study for the Resurrected Christ, in the British Museum, show precisely that Peruginesque influence which should, according to the hypothesis, characterize Carli.

The attempts to reconstruct the artistic personalities of second and third-rate artists become of real importance when these artists are of the following of a great master and when their work has been confused with his. It is something to say that this or that drawing is *not* by Botticelli or Michelangelo, but if one can say that it *is* by "Amico" or Raffaelle da Montelupo or another, it clinches the matter. One of Mr. Berenson's most important and interesting chapters, therefore, is Chapter X., which, with parts of Chapter IX., is devoted to the followers and imitators of Michelangelo; and here we can go almost all the way with him. The one plate attributed to "Andrea di Michelangelo" supplies, indeed, insufficient data for the examination of his claims to the authorship of the drawings attributed to him, but enough are published of the famous drawings now taken from Michelango and bestowed upon Sebastiano del Piombo to convince us that Mr. Berenson is probably right. The change of ownership enriches Sebastiano without impoverishing Michelangelo, and leaves both artists more clearly outlined. One is inclined to regret some of the drawings now given to Bandinelli; but something was always wrong with them, and, as they are assumed to be copies after lost originals, their present attribution takes little from the great man and adds nothing to the base one. The identification of a number of Michelangelesque drawings, in most of which the shading is done with strokes from left to right, as by the historically left-handed Raffaelle da Montelupo, seems to us one of Mr. Berenson's most brilliant and convincing achievements. Among these drawings is the so-called "Study for the Madonna in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo," which we ventured, many years ago, in our review of Symonds's 'Michelangelo,' to call a copy after the statue by an unknown hand.

In the case of certain architectural sketches, hitherto attributed to Michelangelo, Mr. Berenson has not insisted upon furnishing another artistic personality to father them, but has contented himself with the conjecture that they are by some follower of Aristotele da San Gallo, and that they are later fantasias on or attempted restorations of the earlier designs for the tomb of Julius rather than the original designs. His discussion of them and of the various stages of this tomb as well as of the Medici tombs is able and, we are inclined to think, conclusive. If it does not leave us with a much clearer conception of Michelangelo's intentions, it at least acquits him of some very bad taste. We could wish, however, that Mr. Berenson had been less openly scornful of the incompetence of others who have been misled by the traditional attribution.

In the manner of arriving at such conclusions as these we have noted—in the application of the methods of connoisseurship to the drawings under discussion—while the eye and the ear, the folds and the fingernails, still receive, as they must, a good deal of attention, we seem to see a growing tendency to rely upon "quality" as the final test of the work of the greater masters. A given drawing, attributed to, say, Leonardo, may have his forms, his types, his left-handed pen-stroke, but if it is not in itself a beautiful thing, Mr. Berenson "cannot so far abandon his sense of quality" as to accept it. Now the sense of quality may be cultivated but cannot be reasoned about—its exercise is a matter of artistic sensitiveness, not of scientific accuracy. Mr. Berenson has always believed in the necessity of such a sense, and the change may be more in the subjects dealt with than in him, but the result is a welcome humanization of studies which tend to aridity.

A somewhat similar change seems to be taking place in the manner of his æsthetic criticism. This has always been acute, but its effect has been marred by a certain harshness of style and a somewhat repellant, if scientific, vocabulary. In the present work that vocabulary has undergone some modification, and, though the thing meant is discussed many times, we have not once found the words "tactile values." He has evidently tried to put his ideas into the common literary language that the world understands, and in so doing has gone far to recommend them. At his best his criticism has become not only illuminating but inspiriting.

His love of spontaneity and swiftness of touch seems to us to lead to too great an admiration for mere sketching, and to a tendency to underrate the more finished drawings of the masters. Pollajuolo's "Hercules," which he praises highly, seems to us to approach dangerously near to penmanship; and his selection from Andrea del Sarto's drawings does not seem to us the best possible, the line being often more instantaneous than certain. Indeed, one or two of them are so formless, here and there, as to give the impression that some idle scribbler has attempted to carry out the parts which Andrea had omitted. On the other hand, Mr. Berenson seems fully to appreciate the exceeding beauty of some of Michelangelo's more finished drawings, such as "The Archers" at Windsor and "The Resurrection" in the British Museum—not to mention the wonderful head at Oxford (Pl. cxxx.), in which utmost delicacy of modelling is combined with utmost freedom and rapidity of handling; and he is quite right in finding a certain tameness in the show drawings made for Cavalieri. The analysis of the artistic aims and methods of Michelangelo is, indeed, almost wholly admirable, and the discussion of Leonardo as a draughtsman is scarcely less so.

In connection with this latter artist's more fluent sketches, as in discussing the work of Botticelli and the whole school of "linealists," Mr. Berenson has frequent occasion to refer to the finer qualities of Japanese art. In the days when we are all being sent to school to the Japanese, it is well to be reminded that these qualities have always existed in the art of Europe, but in combination with so many other qualities, unknown to the Orient, that they have been neglected. In swift flow and elegance of line, in pattern, and even in quality of color, Botticelli's "Primavera" is amazingly like a fine Japanese print, while the Far East has produced no greater marvels of pure handicraft than some of these Italian drawings.

Finally, Mr. Berenson gives an interesting analysis of the peculiar charm of the earlier decadents, such as Pontormo. We should like to take issue with him on what seems to us his somewhat extravagant valuation of that artist's sketch for a pierced lunette (Pl. clxx.), but our review is already long enough. If we have given any notion of the quantity and variety of more or less contentious matter which his book contains, we shall have fulfilled our purpose. Mr. Berenson is the only connoisseur who has general ideas, and the only critic who has the equipment of an expert. Our own bias leads us to prefer the critic in him to the connoisseur, but doubtless the one is necessary to the other. When, as the signs seem to show he will, he has learned to subordinate the connoisseur to the critic, if he can add to both a little more of the artist in letters he should become a distinct force in criticism.

BRET HARTE, AND SUNDRY NOVELS.

The Life of Bret Harte. By F. Edgar Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Trent's Trust, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Gentleman of the South. By William Garrott Brown. The Macmillan Co.

Ethel. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Bros.

To write the life of a famous man who has also been a personal friend, is such a difficult and delicate undertaking that it implies the possession of courage pushed to rashness. If the biographer strives to make an impartial portrait of the man and a critical estimate of the work that has won fame, he runs the risk of appearing to the public, if not in the light of an actual enemy, at best in that of a false friend; if he limits himself to an expression of warm admiration, nobody accepts his characterization of the man, and his estimate of the work has very little critical value.

Mr. Pemberton's attitude towards Bret Harte is frankly that of an enthusiastic, almost adoring friend. "It is easier," he says, "to begin than to finish a book in which each line is written under the consciousness of a personal sorrow." Whether this reflection be true or not, one wishes that he had resisted the temptation to begin so soon, because he seems to have been intimate with Harte, and, had he taken time to think, might have convinced some people that the subject of his eulogy was irreproachable in all the relations of life, a modest, courteous, unselfish gentleman and a slave to duty. Moreover, he would thus have avoided the suspicion of rushing into print animated chiefly by calculation of the commercial advantage of being first in the field. A note on the bibliography, which he says had Harte's approval, indicates Mr. Pemberton's disinclination to waste any time in preliminary preparations for writing a book. "I regret," he says, "that I am unable to give the name of American publishers."

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Although his book is rather a ponderous one, he has also been unable to include any important facts that are not already matters of common knowledge. Some letters written to Mrs. Harte in the first years of her husband's life in foreign countries are interesting because they show a receptivity to new impressions noticeably absent in the fiction written after he had bidden America good-bye. For Germany he had little liking, and for German music a distaste so pronounced that it stirred him to vigorous and amusing denunciation. Plainly, from the beginning, he was captivated by England and by those English people with great names who welcomed him in their homes. From Froude's place in Devonshire he writes: "Imagine, if you can, something between 'Locksley Hall' and the 'high Hall garden' where Maud used to walk." And again, from a fine country-house: "I scarcely believe I am not reading an English novel or that I am not myself a wandering ghost." For a long time in the Old World he had a vivid sense of the unreality of landscape, city streets and buildings, feeling that he was moving among conventional stage settings which might be shifted at any moment. Since he never returned to America, it is hard to believe that his expressed preference for this country, frequently reported by Mr. Pemberton, was a genuine sentiment. His biographer, however, assumes that he positively pined for his native land, but was detained in foreign places by an extraordinary attachment to duty. By way of illustrating Harte's capacity for renunciation of selfish pleasure Mr. Pemberton writes solemnly:

> "While London attracted him, the Consul felt bound to put in many appearances in Glasgow, and he spent much of his time in travelling over the long distance that separates the two great cities."

To construe such casual recognition of official requirement as devotion is indeed to take an airy view of consular duty.

All the comment there is on Harte's literary work eulogizes without discrimination. His later stories are declared to be often, if not always, as good as his earlier; and every page proclaims the undimmed genius of Mr. Pemberton's "fascinating, affectionate, lovable comrade." The only display of ill-feeling in the book is against those "good people who, while professing to admire Bret Harte, never tire of saying that he produced nothing but stories about California and gold-seekers." The responsibility for this statement can most charitably be laid upon Mr. Pemberton's hasty method of composition. He probably meant to say that many good people wish that Bret Harte had produced nothing but stories about California and gold-seekers, and contend that his later writings, whatever their subject, are not first-rate, not even remarkable. To assert that the poorest of Harte's work is better than the mass of current fiction is an unconscious concession to the good people who argue that it showed tremendous inequality. It would be sad indeed if a man of genius and great literary facility had ever fallen so low as to justify the institution of such comparison.

The latest and presumably final collection of his stories, entitled 'Trent's Trust,' is as indisputably superior to the common run of fiction as it is inferior to the author's highest standard. The title story has that faulty construction which is evident in all his efforts to pass the limits of a short story. Through a bewildering series of romantic accidents and extraordinary coincidences, the author pursues the rightful heir to estates voluntarily abandoned by an eccentric Englishman. The reader who, by independent effort, manages to keep up with the chase, may find reward in the proud recognition of his own uncommon intelligence. The shorter stories are more readable. Colonel Starbottle and Jack Hamlin reappear not ingloriously, and the top-heavy stage-coach whirls along through clouds of dust, with a driver calm and faithful as Yuba Bill. The tale entitled "Prosper's Old Mother" is unequivocally good. It has a touch of the author's youthful vividness and assurance, rarely lapsing into the vagueness of a reminiscence or feebleness of a réchauffé.

When Mr. Page began to write stories, he probably had no deliberate intention of becoming a social historian of the South; nevertheless, to-day a vivid and apparently truthful conception of Southern society—of the ruin of the old order and rise of the new—may be formed by reading his books in the order of their production. His early tales collectively stand as an idyll of the old South, enshrining the romantic aspects of its prosperity and the tragedy of its disruption. 'Red Rock' delineates the unhappy struggle for adjustment to new conditions which marked the period of Reconstruction, and 'Gordon Keith' heralds the dawn of an era of commercial and industrial development. This latest novel may be properly described as Mr. Page's most serious effort, but unfortunately (as often happens in the writing of fiction) a consciousness of important intention has choked the springs of inspiration and throttled the valves of spontaneous creation. At all events, we have no other way of accounting for the heaviness, the dulness, the lack of sustained interest of a book which has a broad and significant motive, a variety of contrasting characters, and an extraordinary number of exciting incidents.

Mr. Page's account of Keith from boyhood to middle age is tediously circumstantial, showing no sense of artistic selection, and with hardly a gleam of vivacity or a moment of strong, stirring emotion. Keith is never just a man, but always a hero—in defeat or victory always right. Ferdy Wickersham, with whom Keith comes constantly in contact and conflict, has, on the other hand, a quite unnatural talent for being always wrong. A bad son, a bad friend, a beguiler and betrayer of women, he might point an impressive moral were it not that he is just too bad to believe in at all. Most of the people in the book (and there are a great many) are like the two principal figures, too immaculate or too depraved. The clergyman, Mr. Rimmon, is a survival of eighteenth-century English fiction. We have met him in the pages of Fielding and Smollett, and learn with some surprise and horror that he is now actually a shepherd of aristocratic souls in the city of New York, and made welcome to a cup of tea any afternoon in houses of the highest fashion. Miss Lois Huntington, Keith's true love, to whom he returns after a period of worship of false goddesses, has all the virtues of the old-fashioned *ingénue*, combined with the priggishness of a modern superior girl. A foreigner confronted with the spectacle of Lois pointing the path of propriety to a somewhat skittish married friend, would give up in despair any faint hope he might hitherto have cherished of understanding the rights, privileges, and duties of the young girl in America. Mrs. Lancaster, for many years Keith's star of hope and oriflamme in the battle of life, is a much more natural figure than Lois, and shares with Squire Rawson the honors for individuality and forcible representation. The incidents through which Keith, his friends, and enemies pass to ultimate destiny are sometimes thrilling to a degree, sometimes so capricious, sometimes so hackneyed, that the reader's final impression is of having assisted at a high-flown, conventional melodrama. It is unfortunate that this impression is the strongest and most lasting derivable from a book to the writing of which thought and knowledge and patience have been given without stint.

Among the many surviving traditions of the old South none has more vitality than that the masters, the lords of great estates and many slaves, were gentlemen of a perfection rarely if ever attained in any other clime, at any other period of the world's history. Mr. Page makes his compliments to this tradition in the person of Gen. Keith, his hero's father, but his song of salutation is feeble in comparison with the fanfare of Mr. William Garrott Brown's trumpet. His story, entitled 'A Gentleman of the South,' puts all former representations of this American dodo to shame. In comparison with Henry Selden, Sir Charles Grandison is only gentlemanly. Nothing more need be said about Mr. Selden's character, and of the incidents in which he has a part, only that they are well chosen to exhibit it.

The quickly won vogue of 'Wee Macgreegor' probably impelled the author to tempt fortune in hot haste with another book. Like its predecessor, 'Ethel' is a series of dialogues, not, however, written in Glasgow dialect. Only two persons appear, Ethel and another, whom one should describe as her *fiancé*, or lover, but is driven by a sense of the greater fitness to call her young man. Mr. Bell contrives to characterize Ethel and her young man through their talk quite as clearly as he did the Robinson family, but the personalities revealed are far less engaging. They are very ordinary youngsters, perpetually chaffing each other, addicted to bad puns, and showing neither depth of sentiment nor brilliancy of intellect. Mr. Hope's 'Dolly Dialogues' may have inspired this work, which hardly deserves the measure of praise due to a good copy of a clever original.

ENGLISH VERSE.

English Verse. By Raymond Macdonald Alden. Henry Holt & Co.

A Study of Metre. By T. S. Omond. London: Grant Richards.

That the study of English versification is being prosecuted along promising and rational lines, likely to lead eventually to a satisfactory and comprehensive theory, seems indicated by the nearly simultaneous appearance of two books very different in other respects, but similar in being sensible, clear, and moderate in tone. Professor Alden's is made up largely of quoted ex-

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amples from the poets. Its avowed aim is, by giving sufficient material in one voluume, to do away with the necessity for consulting a great variety of books in the inductive study of English verse. No scholar could possibly construct such a compilation to satisfy every one. Mr. Alden appears to have come as near to it as may be, for this anthology of illustrative excerpts seems judiciously made. If it err, it is chiefly in giving too much space to citations from the poets antedating Tottel's Miscellany; and in the chapter on artificial imitations of French forms the author seems less at home with his material than elsewhere in the book. No one, in 1903, should write of the sestina without citing Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp Royal," by far the easiest and most natural reproduction in English of Arnaud-Daniel's original unrhymed device. Austin Dobson's sestina quoted is labored and frigid, while Kipling's is the natural marriage of the complicated form to a theme which it conveys better than would any other expression.

The writer's own utterances are more interesting than the examples among which they are scattered. To not many of his statements can exception be taken, yet a few seem to call for comment. On page 19 he says: "Two varieties of the feminine cæsura are also distinguished; the Lyric, when the pause occurs inside a foot; the Epic, when the pause occurs after an extra (hypermetrical) light syllable." This would seem to imply that the Epic cæsura does not occur inside a foot, as of course it does. Not every one will agree with Mr. Alden when he says (page 24): "The fundamental rhythm of both iambic and trochaic verse is the same, as also that of both anapæstic and dactylic verse." This is an error common to most recent books on versification, and vitiates much of their criticism. It seems akin to the error of reading verse by eye rather than by ear. On pages 24, 25 it is not apparent why the terms "ascending" and "descending" are preferred to the shorter and more usual terms "rising" and "falling." We find on page 47, after a quotation from Swinburne, "In this last specimen we have a nine-accent line—very rare in English poetry." This statement is not borne out by the example; Swinburne's rhymes positively mark the words referred to as a line of eight accents followed by a coda-line of one accent. The book does not mention Tennyson's poem on Virgil, which is all nine-accent verses of a very marked structure.

Chapter III., on the stanza, ignores many interesting modern stanza-forms, and gives many middle-English stanzas of little interest in themselves and of small value for the history of the subject, as they exercised little or no influence on later compositions. In Chapter IV., under the heading "Assonance," it seems strange that no mention is made of Emily Dickinson, who often used consonances and assonances in place of rhymes, sometimes with an effect of novelty and charm. On page 129 we read: "These passages illustrate sufficiently the grotesque effects of double and triple rhyme in English—effects of which Byron and Browning are acknowledged masters." This is all very true, but what follows seems to imply that double and triple rhymes are in themselves grotesque or humorous. In fact, Mr. Alden gives throughout the book few if any examples of their dignified use. On page 121 he has said: "Triple rhyme is also recognized, though rare." He seems in this regard to have investigated his material insufficiently. Triple rhyme is much used in verse of the past thirty years, and it is safe to say that the combination of double and single rhymes, where the single rhyme closes the stanza, is the most melodious, emotional, and beautiful of English rhyme-effects; witness Swinburne's "Pastourelle." The dignified effect of triple rhymes, even final, is by no means unusual, as in Longfellow's "Chrysaor" and in Kipling's "The Miracles."

Mr. Alden cites, on page 156, and without comment, Luick's regret that modern rhymed verse requires the reduction to a uniform "tick-tack" of alternating stress and non-stress of the natural accent relations of the Germanic languages, which recognize two principal degrees of accent. The author seems as oblivious as most recent writers on prosody to the distinguishing feature of the development of English versification of late years, namely, the increasing volume of verse employing accents of two degrees; as Poe's "Raven," Kipling's "Last Chantey," and a host intermediate in date. The writers of verse produce this sort of rhythm with ever increasing ease and volume; the writers on verse still fail, generally, to recognize it.

On page 247 Browning's blank verse is characterized as sacrificing more of melody than Tennyson's in adapting itself to the thought. This is failing entirely to realize or express Browning's intentional abuse of discord as a metrical effect, though Mr. Alden does say (page 249), "What in Surrey is helplessness, seems the perversity of strength in Browning." It is difficult to agree with the latter half of his statement (page 391) that "English quantities, so far as they exist, are variable and (in part at least) subjective in character." Again, it is scarcely true, as stated on page 396, that "the number of syllables in the foot (in good modern English verse) is tolerably constant." Mr. Omond, for instance, clearly disposes of this view. On page 409 Mr. Alden says: "There is one defect, it may freely be admitted, in these classical names of feet. They provide no place for secondary accent." This is true indeed of the *names* of the classical feet, but not of the standard nomenclature that goes with them. Reference to so easily accessible a book as the translation of Schmidt's 'Rhythmik und Metrik' would show that such terms as "dipody" and "monometer," "octapody" and "tetrameter," furnish a complete and exact terminology for the distinction from ordinary measures of measures containing secondary accents, and for the accurate characterization of rhythms some of which are found in the specimens quoted on pages 49-55 under the heading "combinations."

Much in Mr. Alden's book is worthy of high praise. The essay on the "Time-Element in English Verse" is full of good things. The quoted utterances of many writers on the "Metrical Element in Poetry" are well chosen and serviceable. The author's statement of the general law of English verse (page 7) is just, and hardly to be improved upon. On page 24 he says: "The foot is determined by the distance from one accented syllable to another in the regular scheme of the metre." "Interval" would be an improvement on "distance" as a matter of wording, but the intention of the definition is excellent. At page 31, on the metre of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and on a similar metre used by Longfellow, the remarks show unusual insight and delicacy of ear. An instance of Mr. Alden's poise and caution appears on page 35, where he says of certain Elizabethan rhythms, "It is quite possible that the time to which these verses were sung may have affected the measure." On pages 55, 56, what is said of the terms "pyrrhic" and "spondee" is just and rational; and likewise of tone-color on page 136. Insight is again shown on page 226, where attention is called to Fletcher's many twelve-syllable lines as being ordinary lines with triple-endings, not Alexandrines.

On pages 394, 395, and again on 400, are some noteworthy observations on the relation between music and verse. On page 408 is another of the same kind, together with a good sample of Mr. Alden's acumen: "It has been suggested more than once that the great preponderance, among English dissyllables, of those accented on the first syllable, goes to explain our preference for iambic over trochaic measures; and that one reason why the rhythm of 'Hiawatha,' for example, so soon wearies the ear is because its metrical divisions and word-divisions so frequently coincide." Most writers on verse make too much fuss about metrical notation. Mr. Alden uses none at all; considering, apparently, that his general observations and his classification sufficiently indicate the metrical form of his examples.

Whereas Mr. Alden for the most part particularizes or lets his frequent citations speak for themselves, Mr. Omond's excerpts are relatively few, and he deals chiefly in generalizations or in theories. His theorizing differs from that of most writers of versification. Usually such an author begins by assuming that all other writers on the subject are dolts and all its students dullards. Then he states a theory as a universal panacea for all difficulties of verse criticism. Far otherwise is it with Mr. Omond. However much his readers may differ with him, no one can fail to be won by the disarming candor and unassuming moderation of his utterances. We note a few blunders, perhaps of the proof-reader. On page 58, in a long sentence, "as he chooses" is left hanging in the air, no person having been mentioned or referred to. On page 142, "in last paragraph" is not merely faulty English; it is not clear what is the last paragraph meant. Elsewhere Mr. Omond's English is noticeably good, nor do we recall any book on this subject written in a style so pleasing.

Mr. Omond's other theorizings we pass by, but nothing short of amazing is his most original theory (set forth especially on pages 52, 53), that our double rhythms correspond to the movement of such classic metres as the anapæstic and dactylic, while our triple rhythms correspond to the movement of such classic metres as the iambic and trochaic; thus reversing the relationship between our rhythms and classic metres, as it is generally understood and accepted, and as is reflected in the customary application to the feet of our rhythms of the names used for the feet of classic metres. We regard this theory as totaly wrong, but it is stated so modestly and plausibly that we rec-

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ommend each reader to consider it for himself.

The book is full of quotable passages, some of which are almost epigrams. For instance (page 43): "A dropped accent, like a dropped syllable, may minister to our perception of periodic recurrence." Page 57: "Syllabic variety contrasted with temporal uniformity creates the charm of English metre"; and below: "When syllabic variety overpowers temporal recurrence, a line ceases to be metrical." Page 59: "The perfection of music lies in absolute accordance with time, that of verse in continual slight departures from time"; and again: "On the other hand, to suppose that this imperfection is in itself rhythmical—that these aberrations from type, variations of stress and quantity, and what not, constitute in themselves the law of verse—would be a still more fatal blunder." Page 60: "Variations are not rightly understood till it is known from what they vary." Page 75: "Pranks of new writers may demonstrate their authors' incapacity, not their readers' stupidity"; "Variation is successful only when it brings into relief, not obscures, our perception of underlying uniformity." Page 110: "Final rhyme, no doubt, accentuates to our ear the termination of a line, but it does not cause termination."

Sensible and well-judged are Mr. Omond's utterances on quantity in English. For instance (page 33): . . . "distinguish—as even eminent critics have not always done—the fact of quantity from the classic rules for its observance." Page 41: "We do seem to come upon traces of a real use of quantity . . . supplementing accent. . . ." Page 45: "Neglect of it, with us, rather deforms than destroys structure, making a line unmusical rather than unmetrical." Page 46: "It may be an added grace rather than a structural necessity." Pages 154, 155: "Greek dactylic lines of course begin with a long syllable. To imitate this, our hexametrists endeavor to begin their lines with a syllable of strong accentuation. But they never can keep it up for long. It is opposed to our habit of speech. All our native verse either begins with weak syllables or admits them as an alternative."

There are many instances, too, of almost epigrammatic expression of Mr. Omond's unassuming modesty, as (page 48): "No one can tell beforehand how English verse should be written; we can determine only how it has been written." Page 121: "My scansions must be taken as suggestions, not as *ex-cathedra* judgments." Page 139: "Prosodical pontiffs should least of all claim infallibility."

The kernel and gist of the book, the author's views on how English verse should be read, scanned and understood, may be gathered from such passages as (page 31): "Temporal periods, usually occupied by syllables and habitually denoted by stress, must be regarded as the true basis of our verse." Page 53: "Time-spaces exist apart from the syllables embedded in them." Page 84: "Syllables do not correspond precisely to beats. They do not keep perfect time, like notes of music, but the time itself is unvarying." Page 85: "Periods are the actual units, and the way to scan a poem is to discover its time-measure, and then consider the relation of syllables to time."

Mr. Omond's recognition of the existence of quadruple (what in the classical terminology are called pæonic) rhythms in English, and his allotment of a chapter to their consideration, mark him as possessing more insight than most writers on versification. His acumen is also unusual. For instances of its exhibition we refer to his treatment (page 27) of the method of scansion (?) which divides verse into the units of prose-phrasing; to his illuminating comparison (pages 91, 92) of the rhythm of Shelley's "Cloud" with that of his "Vision of the Sea"; to his keen analysis (page 129) of the rhythm of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic"; to his comprehension (pages 135, 136) of the subtleties of Christina Rossetti's rhythms; to his characterization (page 145) of the rhythm of Tennyson's "Alcaics."

The index it lacks, the book deserves. Mr. Alden's manual has a good index.

The Persian Problem: An Examination of the Rival Positions of Russia and Great Britain in Persia. With some account of the Persian Gulf and the Baghdad railway. By H. J. Whigham. Scribners. 1903. Pp. xvi., 424.

Events nowadays follow fast in the East, and that part of Mr. Whigham's book which deals with the Persian Gulf is now very fairly antiquated. Whatever the immediate cause was, England has at last spoken and unmistakably, and all others stand now warned off from attempted control of any part of the waters or shores of the Gulf. The Baghdad railway, therefore, unless it stops at al-Basra, can reach tidewater only at what will be virtually a British port. Thus that control of its southern end which Mr. Whigham desiderates is practically assured. Nor can there be any longer a question of Bunder Abbas or any other place being "given" to Russia by England—or whatever the correct word may be for the transfer of property by some one to whom it does not belong, to some one else who has no right to it. Further, what consequences will follow from this for the interior of Arabia and the century-old feud of the Wahhabite state at Riad and the family of Ibn Rashid at Hail, is past the most daring prophecy. When England does abandon its traditional limitation to the coast and moves into the chaos of the interior of Arabia, strange things will undoubtedly happen. These Mr. Whigham only touches; his point is Koweit and its unruly chief, Mubarak, and he is confessedly shaky on the interior. His guess, then, that the power to be cultivated is the anti-Wahhabite one of the Ibn Rashids is all the more commendable.

Turning to Persia and the eastern side of the Gulf, his judgment seems equally clear. Although in close touch with Lord Curzon and an admirer of his classical book on Persia, he does not hesitate to criticise him and it. The great English error with Persia has lain in holding that the time had not yet come for railways; that roads must precede. Years ago, rather, railways built by British capital should have been run from the Gulf north and east. Given these, Russian railroad-carried goods could never possibly compete with English goods brought by sea; the essential difference of freight rates by sea and by rail must prevail. Further, the problem of Persian commerce, within and without, is one of communications; Persia cannot be opened up and developed as to minerals or cereals until it has a railway system. The natural riches are there, but the cost of carriage by caravan is prohibitive. So the mining corporation of twelve years ago found. Rich manganese ore was plentiful, but it cost £9 to £10 a ton to get it to the coast, while it sold in London for only £4. With a railway the freight would have been some ten shillings. As it is, Persian imports largely exceed exports, and the country must be approaching bankruptcy. All this, as put by Mr. Whigham, seems undeniably sound.

But is it worth England's while, it may be asked? Has English trade not already practically vanished? According to the figures in the 'Statesman's Year-Book' for 1902, England has only 24 per cent. of the exports as against Russia's 56.3 per cent., and 27.4 per cent. of the imports as against Russia's 55.9 per cent.—a truly deplorable showing, and one which has excited wide English comment. But, again, Mr. Whigham brings out that these figures are not official or trustworthy in any respect. He has his own set of figures, which make the British share in Persian imports from 40 to 42 per cent., a more respectable result.

Such are only a few points in this most readable book. Its grasp and insight, independence and clarity, make it a very real contribution to a very perplexed subject.

Experiments on Animals. By Stephen Paget. With an Introduction by Lord Lister. New and revised edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

The constant clamor of anti-vivisectionists, protestants against all operations upon the lower animals, whether for experiment, for illustration, or for the prevention of suffering among their own kind or in man, has inspired this authoritative account of the result of such experimental work. The objectors admit that pain may legitimately be inflicted when a substantial advantage is to be gained, but they deny that any good has ever resulted from the researches they condemn. The admission simplifies the question, for it thus becomes merely one of fact, and the facts do not accord with their contention. Galen proved that blood is contained in the arteries, which his predecessors did not believe; Harvey discovered its circulation, the cornerstone of animal physiology; and Malpighi observed the capillaries. Hales and Hunter, Poiseuille and Marey supplemented these observations, all necessarily experimental, and completed our knowledge of the subject. This is but the A B C of experimental physiology, which has been developed by the demonstration of digestion, of the formation of glycogen and sugar, of the action of the pancreas, of the development of bone, and of the functions of the nervous system—all by similar methods. Can it be imagined that the intimate operations of the body are to be thought out, instead of being wrought out under careful observation? Physiology secure, the practice of medicine has been enlightened by a knowledge of the action of remedies learned by experiment upon animals and by trial on man. Anthrax, tetanus, diphtheria, plague, rabies, tubercu-

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losis—taken almost at random—are among those uniformly dangerous and generally fatal diseases some of which, at least, have had their power greatly limited, if not destroyed, by the very work which the well-meaning obstructionists so earnestly condemn.

Mr. Paget, as Lord Lister explains, is not personally engaged in researches involving experiments upon the lower animals, but, as Secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research, he has become well qualified to lay the actual facts plainly before the public. His book should be studied by both parties. For the general public, unconcerned with the ethics of the question whether animals should be utilized to preserve the lives of other animals and of men, there is an excellent account of the immunizations practised against diphtheria, rabies, tetanus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever—with different degrees of success, it is true, but on the whole with a magnificent aggregate of lives saved.

In giving credit to Sommelweiss for his work upon the nature of puerperal fever Mr. Paget fails to note, doubtless from want of knowledge, that Oliver Wendell Holmes preceded him in the same field. He speaks with the customary derision of the "doctrine of organs and bumps," though the higher phrenology has no concern with "the bumps of the anti-phrenological buffoons," as Gall himself puts it, but with the localization of the mental functions. He has more faith in Sanarelli's *bacillus icteroides* and in his immunizing serum than we are disposed to yield; and on the strength of the Durham and Myers Commission he seems at one place (p. 283) to question the conclusions of the Walter Reed Commission, and therein is undoubtedly weak. In fact, that passes a little beyond his theme. For a minor detail Mr. Paget persists in styling Major (now Colonel) Gorgas "Surgeon-Major," a title not used in the United States army, and now obsolete even in Britain.

The Sculptures of the Parthenon. By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Dr. Murray is well known as a writer on classical archæology. He published in 1883 a history of Greek sculpture in two octavo volumes, and a Handbook of Greek Archæology in 1892, not to mention minor publications connected with his position in the British Museum. He is accepted as a trustworthy archæologist; but there is no evidence in his books above named, or in his rather numerous articles in English periodicals, that he possesses a very strong sense of the artistic side of Greek life. This would seem an almost obvious necessity, for to many persons it is a truism that archæology and art are different and opposed things; yet there are instances enough of the contrary condition—of men brought up as scholars developing a singularly keen sense of the beauty and the artistic character of classical sculpture. Dr. Murray's present work is valuable in that it substitutes photographic reproduction for the outline plates with which other books on the subject have been illustrated. If, for instance, we compare this book with the well-known stand-by, Michaelis's 'Der Parthenon,' we note that the latter, a folio, gives the famous frieze of the cella complete in sufficiently well-drawn outlines. Beginning with the western frieze, to which one double plate is devoted, passing to the frieze on the longer south side, to that on the north side, and finally to the culminating groups of the eastern frieze, the whole composition, or series of compositions, is revealed so far as they are preserved. The slabs may be in Athens, in Paris, or, more often, in the British Museum; they may even come to our knowledge only through the drawings of Carrey in the seventeenth century, or Stuart in the eighteenth century, the marbles themselves being destroyed; but all that is known of the frieze is spread before the reader, in rough but comprehensible engraving. Now in Dr. Murray's octavo there is to be found, in a pocket at the end, a very large folding plate (xiii.): and this gives "the four sides of the frieze as exhibited in the British Museum, and copies of Carrey's drawings from parts of the frieze now missing," These are shown in photography, drawings, and slabs alike. It is true that there is no statement in the legend of the plate to the effect that this representation "in the British Museum" is partly in the form of plaster casts from the slabs preserved elsewhere; but the difference for the student is not very great. To take it in detail and to use the numbers of the figures, men and women, adopted by Michaelis and followed by Dr. Murray, numbers one and two of the north frieze are known to us only by the Carrey drawings, and these, in the Murray plate, are separated from the rest of the frieze, whereas in Michaelis they have their place at the beginning of the long procession. Numbers three to eleven are from originals which are all in the Acropolis Museum at Athens, this embracing a portion of the frieze seven times as long as it is wide. Then follow slabs that are in the British Museum, and others that are in Athens, alternating, as it were, throughout the whole length of the frieze; for indeed it is just about half, or rather less than half, of that frieze as it was once, that is now in London. Except that the reader might be misled by the implied statement that the whole is "exhibited in the British Museum," into the belief that more of the frieze is there than is there in reality, there is no fault to be found, and the photographic reproduction of these slabs brought all together in sequence according to the latest rulings of archæologists is a really important contribution to the general knowledge of the subject among students of art.

So with the metopes. Folding plate x. gives photographs of the metopes of the south side, most of them from the marble or the plaster, but many from Carrey's valuable drawings; and the first pages of chapter four, which is devoted to the south metopes, tell the story of the relation of these to the modern world in a very complete fashion, besides dealing with their general subject. Chapter five is devoted to the metopes of the north side; but of all these sculptures only one is given in photography, a large picture occupying the whole of plate xi.; while plate xii. shows a few drawings made in the seventeenth century by another artist than Carrey, and a few by Carrey himself. As for the pediments, the very proper course has been taken of presenting the Carrey drawing of each, namely, in plates iii. and vi., with photographs in the following plates of the separate figures as far as they can be identified, or approximately identified, and one or two pieces of sculpture not of the Parthenon by way of further illustration. Folding plates iii. and vi., which, as above stated, give Carrey's pediment drawings, give also something more than they: that is to say, the front view of the pediment is completed, in a way, by work done upon what the early artist left for us. The architectural framework is put in, capitals of the columns, the entablature, and even the metopes "in their present state." Such a quasi-restoration must always be of doubtful propriety; it will help students to understand the situation, but also it will tend to mislead them as to what it was that we have under the well-known name of Carrey's drawings of 1674.

If, however, one will read the text of this book, he will not be misled. No doubt is left as to what is authentic and what is traditional or supposititious. The story is completely told; the great mass of sculpture is placed aright and the history of it related. To make this book all that we could wish it, we need, as we began by intimating, a much more profound sense of what the sculpture of the time of Phidias means to modern artists and lovers of art.

Financial History of the United States. By Davis Rich Dewey. (American Citizen Series. Edited by A. B. Hart.) Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. 8vo., pp. xxxvii, 530.

Examination of Dr. Dewey's annotated bibliography at once reveals a reason, perhaps a chief reason, for the unquestionable superiority of his book over its only rival in comprehensiveness. Since Bolles's 'Financial History of the United States' was written, almost twenty-five years ago, the studies of Bullock and Catterall and Kinley and Knox and Noyes and Sumner, not to mention others perhaps equally deserving, have prepared the way for a more intelligent account of our financial experience than could have been written in the eighties. Into the labors of these men Dr. Dewey has entered. But he has abundantly justified his inheritance. Not only has he coördinated the results reached by others; he has also labored on his own account. He has steadily endeavored, and not without success, to trace the relations between financial legislation and democratic sentiment in the different stages of our industrial progress. In other respects also he has supplemented the deficiencies and filled in the gaps of the monographic literature; and he has never allowed a convenient monograph to seduce him into the undue expansion of an episode. An admirable sense of proportion is everywhere in evidence, and gives to the newest 'Financial History of the United States' a unity which works of the sort too frequently lack.

Throughout the book, from the account of the beginnings of colonial taxation to the comment on the Currency Act of 1900, Dr. Dewey's open-mindedness is likewise conspicuous. Indeed, he is almost too open-minded. At times he maintains an attitude

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of such resolute impartiality between the competing explanations of fact which he enumerates, or the conflicting arguments of politics which he epitomizes, as deliberately to leave us uncertain towards which side, in his opinion, the balance of probability really inclines. This course he defends on the ground that "historical study is more fruitful if the reader endeavors to interpret the past in accordance with the experience which was available at the time the occurrence took place." That depends, of course, upon the fruit which the student of history desires to gather. Believing, for our part, that the fruitfulness to the American Citizen of historical studies upon "the relation of financial legislation to democracy"—the very topic which Dr. Dewey has "kept constantly in mind"—must be found chiefly in the instruction which such studies may afford him for his future guidance, we regret that Dr. Dewey has not allowed himself occasionally to assume a more magistral air. We feel entitled to the assistance of his judgment.

We cannot help regretting, too, that, as in many another good book intended for use in our colleges, Dr. Dewey's five hundred pages of text have been chopped into some two hundred sections, each bearing a caption in black-faced type. By this device, to be sure, the eye of the indolent professor is caught, and the incipient American Citizen is saved the strain of analyzing for himself what his instructors may require him to read. But, on the other hand, a narrative which, if left to itself, would possess sequacious interest, is transformed, as far as possible, into a series of unattractive tasks. Dr. Dewey's narrative deserved more dignified treatment. It is, in substance, a book for men, in college or out; and the supposed commercial necessity of making it appear a book for college boys is not an encouraging sign. But this is a criticism rather of the times than of the book. The book itself is excellent. Scholarship and insight have gone into it. No careful student of American history can afford to neglect it.

A Journey to Lhasa and Central Thibet. By Sarat Chandra Das. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It stirs the imagination to think that there is still one "hermit nation" left in the world, which contains also the holy place the very name of which thrills at least one-third of the human population of the globe. Those who guard the pathways to Lhasa and keep the holy city inviolate know well the official and commercial value of mystery. So long as the guardians of the supreme Lama, the living incarnation of Buddha, allow only the elect and gift-laden pilgrims to gaze on "our Lord's" face, they can hope to keep up the lucrative mystery-play.

The hierarchy is proud of a "succession" beside which that in the Occident called "apostolic" is modern. The monks fiercely resist the entrance, on any pretext, into Lhasa of diplomatists, travellers, traders, explorers. So long as they can do this, the millions and hundreds of millions of vulgar but believing folk in Chinese Asia, including Japan, will hold to the "Western Paradise" as a concrete reality. Geographical conditions do not favor or point to the possibility of extensive pilgrimages from the ends of the Buddhist earth to the Thibetan plateau, though highland Asia still furnishes a pilgrim army of millions annually. Only a few score of hundreds of distinction—tribute-bearing devotees—see the face of the incarnate Buddha, most of those coming from afar being made content with the subordinate lamas, who derive the validity of their holy orders from the one Dalai at Lhasa.

The chief interest of this narrative of a Hindu pundit's journey into Thibet lies in his account of a visit to the Buddhist capital, Lhasa, and audience of the living Buddha, to whom he brought a present of gold, the tribute of the lamasery in which he was a student. He made the journey to Lhasa in 1881; and since 1890, at various times, much of what he learned and saw in his Thibetan travels has been made public in India and England. The publication of this volume, the second edition, revised, has probably been called forth by the special interest awakened in Thibet by the recent works of Rockhill, Landor, Reinhart, Sven Hedin, and others. It is edited with abundant notes by Hon. W. W. Rockhill, who met Sarat Chandra Das, now of the Bengal Educational Service, in Peking in 1885. There are a biography of the author and traveller; a good index, maps, plenty of illustrations reproduced from photographs; colored plans of Lhasa monasteries, and a fascinating chapter on Thibetan social life in a great variety of aspects. In a word, here is an excellent and satisfactory book for the student of contemporary Buddhism.

Making friends with the Lama who was a teacher of Tibetan in the Government school at Darjeling, in India, Mr. Chandra secured an invitation to visit Lhasa and enter his name as a student of theology in the Grand Monastery of that city. He spent fourteen months in Thibet. Only two natives of India, in the nineteenth century at least, had succeeded in entering the forbidden city. Even Mr. Chandra was unable, for prudential reasons, to see all he desired, but what he did see is of great interest to the student of religions. Those familiar with the artistic representations, within the temples of China, Japan, and Korea, of the various avatars of Buddha, will enjoy the descriptions here given of the ancient originals. One almost wonders whether Milton's figure of Sin, in 'Paradise Lost,' was not suggested by that of the terrific goddess Poldan Lhamo—offspring of a red ass and a winged mare—who is guardian of the Dalai Lama.

The rows of prayer wheels, the steep ladders by which the top floor of the nine-storied Potala (or Lama's palace) was climbed, the superb view of varied scenery, the gilded spires of the city's temples, the vast façade of lofty whitewashed wooden structures, the crowds of singing beggars in the streets, the rich brocade and hangings of the throne room, the eight rows of rugs on the floor, the golden censers, bowls of water, and other sacred utensils, the "bright and fair complexion and rosy cheeks" of the incarnate Buddha, the tea-drinking, rice-eating and saying of grace, the blessing of the auditors by the holy pope, the reception of the consecrated pills and neck-scrap of red silk in return for the presents—all show in what a real sense, to probably three hundred millions of people or more on this earth, lamaistic Buddhism is the true religion. Lhasa is still an actual rival to Rome, Constantinople, Moscow, and Canterbury.

The scientific student will enjoy reading of the babu's exact measurement of Lake Palti and his further explorations. Mr. Rockhill shows that, in both geography and literature, Sarat Chandra may safely receive the honors which belong to explorers and scholars in the West. He is now engaged on a Thibetan-English dictionary of two thousand pages, exclusive of the long-desired Sanskrit-English appendix of Buddhist terms.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

May, Lieut.-Col. Edward S. Principles and Problems of Imperial Defence. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 3s. net.
Shapcote, Emily M. Mary, the Perfect Woman. London: Burns & Oates. 2s. 6d.
Smith, Justin H. Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec. Putnams. $2.00 net.
Trumbull, J. Hammond. Natick-English Dictionary. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Wallis, Louis. An Examination of Society. Columbus, O.: The Argus Press. $1.75 net.
Wheeler, Marianna. Plain Hints for Busy Mothers. E. B. Treat & Co. 35c.

"It is worthy of Frank Stockton."

The N. Y. Times, in a long review cordially recommending the book, says this of one of the stories in

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